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WILLIAM and SON

THE MEMENTO:

A GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP.

EDITED BY

C. W. EVEREST.

“Tis pleasant to remember.”

“Tis pleasant to remember.”

“Tis pleasant to remember.”

NEW-YORK :

BUCKLAND & SUMNER, 169 BROADWAY.

1849.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION

"THE MEMENTO" was not designed for an "Annual," nor merely a gift for the holidays. It was confidently hoped that the merits of its contents might plead, not unsuccessfully, for a more permanent existence. While it was commenced under favorable auspices, almost every disaster seemed to attend its publication. The "business misfortunes" of the publisher, who undertook the work, delayed it, when partly completed, for several months, and compelled the Editor finally to place his book in other hands. It was thus brought into the market, as it were, reluctantly, at an unseasonable time, under discouragements naturally calculated to depress almost any literary enterprise. Notwithstanding all, it was received most cordially by the editorial fraternity; every merited praise, which its varied and talented list of contributors claimed, was cheerfully accorded to it; while its sales, in all instances, fully corresponded to the efforts of its Publishers. That now, in the hands of a new and enterprising Publishing House, it passes into its second edition, proves the vitality of a work too long subjected to awkward embarrassments. In preparing it for a second edition, no trouble has been

spared by either Publishers or Editor. Several additional pages have been added, from the pens of well-known writers; and thus, while in *manner* it is in no wise inferior to the former issue, in *matter* it presents a new claim to public favor.

“The Memento” will be cordially greeted in some quarters, by those who have already cheered it by an approving smile; but to many it will come as a stranger. Yet to none, we will hope, will it prove an unwelcome guest. We trust that the variety of its contents, and the number and character of its contributors, will long secure for it, (as, to some extent, they have already secured for it,) a place among volumes of graver pretensions. As there is a “time for all things,” so in our seasons of relaxation a rational amusement may rightly claim its share; nor shall we ever deem our labor vain, if we shall be judged to have contributed to the pleasures of an innocent recreation. While, then, to some our present volume will prove the remembrancer of scenes and associations with which the heart has long communed in stillness, may it prove to all, who shall peruse its pages, the Memento of many a pleasant hour.

C. W. EVEREST.

HAMDEN, CT., July 25, 1846.

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THE MEMENTO.

HOWARD PARKE.

By C. Wilkins Eimi.

CHAPTER I.

"IT was HOWARD PARKE's eighth birthday; and HOWARD was indeed a remarkable boy. No companions were invited to spend the day with him in noisy merriment, for he loved to be quiet and alone; or, if he associated with any one, it was with LOUISE, his pretty little sister, a girl of only six summers, and of an exceedingly cheerful and social disposition. They were the only children of their parents, and a worthier couple could not be found in all Virginia. Living in the western part of the state, where the lands are best adapted for grazing, they kept only a dozen negroes to care for their flocks and herds, and to serve as domestics. Even in summer, when the inhabitants of Richmond were broiling under an intolerable sun, the temperature was comfortable at Balnagowan, on account of its elevation above the level of the sea. The property, it may be remarked, had received its name from MR. PARKE's ancestor, who had

emigrated from Scotland about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and settled on the spot where his descendant dwelt at the time to which my story refers."

I was travelling in the royal mail-coach from Queen's Ferry to Edinburgh, in the Autumn of eighteen hundred and forty, when an old traveller, the only other "inside," narrated to me the succession of remarkable occurrences, to which the above observations were prefatory.

"MRS. GRANVILLE PARKE," he continued, "was one of the most delightful of women. The daughter of an old family, she was shrinking, modest, and fond of retirement, never permitting her thoughts to wander beyond the pleasant homestead. Her devotion to her two children was unlimited; and the care she extended to her family of blacks was more that of a mother than a mistress. The leisure, which every tidy southern matron can have at her disposal, was given to the literature of the olden time—that exhaustless fountain of pure sentiment and elevated thought. The garish tinsel of modern transcendentalisms she instinctively abhorred. Her quiet spirit shrunk with aversion from whatever was false and tawdry; and with a mother's patient zeal she labored hard to form the principles and tastes of her two children upon the same just and classic standard. With the young HOWARD at her feet reading aloud the 'Tales of my Grandfather,' and the little girl leaning a curly head upon her shoulders, the long evenings of her calm retirement were spent. Cordially did she appreciate the healthful spirit of that noble chivalry which the Wizard of the North has made immortal, and left

through all time for the ground-work of lofty character; and her boy drank it in too, with the appreciation and enthusiastic ardor of a constitutional affinity; and, as his mind expanded, the fruits could be seen in the gentle, courteous bearing which tempered the hawk-like vigor and wildness of his natural spirit. This was not a partial courtesy—only lending its beams where sunlight rained already—but a generous outpouring that carried light and love as well into the squalid gloom of the negro's hut, as into the tempered obscure of the rich man's parlor. How could it be otherwise, that with such a mother, and a character formed upon such a school, the young HOWARD should be remarkable for his scorn of falsehood, his love of the true and good, and devotion to his mother and sister, and should have been the universal pet and favorite of high and low. It was to Mrs. PARKE the dearest solace and only excitement of her retired life, to mark all these evidences of the respectful affection with which the fine traits of her son inspired all about him, and to treasure them up as prognosticators of the future supremacy he was to assert for good over the hearts of men. How delightful it was to recreate her toil in a perspective so glowing with hopeful coloring! It was not because Mrs. PARKE lacked genial attributes or was averse to sociality that she was so much of a 'home body,' but simply because her cultivated and sensitive nature, which shrunk from the common strugglings of general society, found more pleasant and heart-easing occupation in watching and giving impulse to the hourly and daily development of the two beautiful

spirits God had given into her keeping; she felt too profoundly the fearful responsibilities this trust implied to permit her cares to be divided with the trivialities of the outer world when all the immortality and good here of two beings so dear to her depended upon her faithfulness. The secluded locality of Balnagowan, and the want of a refined neighborhood, had perhaps the tendency to throw her, with a morbid devotion, upon the detail of such views of duty. And though it is impossible that the true taste and perception of the exquisite can be too highly cultivated in the minds of the young, yet where there is not that just tempering of the practical, which familiarity with the real world only can give, this high susceptibility is apt to become a dangerous and troublesome gift to the possessor. It is sending him forth with nerves laid bare under a scorching sun, to thread rugged and thorny by-ways. And though the perils of such a training, angels might weep over and forgive; yet they are not the less frequently disastrously fearful, as in this instance they proved to be. HOWARD cared nothing for the boisterous companionship of other boys to make merry with him on his birthday. In the bird-like joyousness of the bright LOUISE, and the dignified tenderness of that dear mother, there was all to realize the pure idealism which already possessed his young imagination, and which would have been shocked by what would have appeared to him the coarse rudeness of the neighboring boys near his own age. This was not effeminacy. On the contrary, a rash and over-daring temper was HOWARD'S greatest fault, and the

trait which gave his fond mother most anxiety. He had strikingly, for his years, developed an indomitable spirit, which could only be controlled by love, and through a sense of the beautiful in everything—justice—the good and true! For this reason, the intercourse of such beings as that mother and sister was to him the fulness of joy. Calmly and sparkling with happiness the minutes of that day glided past. Up with the sun, the young things were out and racing hand in hand upon the green sward, down the cool alleys arched by old oaks, and now through the garden amid the flowers and shrubs: they gently part the woodbine clusters for a peep at the cat-bird's nest, or stoop by the jonquils and buttercups to see how much they grew last night, and carefully pluck the newest buds lest they should shake the dew-pearls off before mamma might see them; and then her sweet smile as she met them on the piazza, with the morning kiss, and thanked them for the pleasant gift; and then the simple breakfast; and then a delightful hour amid the storied great while mamma sewed and helped him to pronounce long names, commenting here, and there approving—uncloaked the subtle sophist now, or showed the wicked yet more hateful; while roguish Siss sat by, plying the needle with her dumpish little fingers, making strange figures in worsted on the canvass, that she *would* call cows, and lambs, and birds—which mischievous brother *could n't* see were like living things at all; and then the hour for drawing and music, while he would guide her fingers with the pencil, and she in turn would crack his knuckles

when he thrummed the strings too hard or failed to scale his gamut rightly. Then came the evening ride or stroll across the meadows, each claiming one dear finger of mamma's two hands when they were not chasing fire-flies; and then the lamp, the little round table, and the old heavy-clasped Bible, and that low, melodious voice, trembling with holy awe as it went up in incense of adoration, praise, and thanksgiving for the past, and lowly, earnest pleading for the future; and then to sleep and peaceful dreams, to rise and glide the blissful round again. As this day, so went the happy years. The father mingled but little in this delightful circle. In his library, which was a very extensive and valuable one, every hour and moment of the time that could be spared from the indispensable relaxations of business and solitary exercise, were spent. His mind for a number of years had been so absorbed in mathematical speculations, which he believed were to lead to immense results, that he had fallen into a state of apathy in regard to all other things so profound that he walked through the world like one in a dream, doing whatever was obliged to be done mechanically, and seldom aroused to the reality around him even by the caresses of his lovely children or the wife he had loved so fondly. Thus the little circle were thrown entirely upon each other for their mutual joys, while the father came and went like a shadow, neither adding to or taking from their happiness, except so far as they were naturally pained that one so dear should sympathize so little with them.

CHAPTER II.

"BUT," continued the narrator, drawing a deep sigh, "the halcyon days of life's rough voyaging are never many! Thus pleasantly the years went by, and HOWARD grew in strength and manliness, and the fair child beside him in gentleness and graces with the hours. The time was approaching when he must go to College, and though his ambition was great, yet he had never thought of happy times beyond his home, and he looked forward to the separation rather as the painful sacrifice to a necessary duty, than with the vague, excited throbings with which young gentlemen usually anticipate such an era. The prospect of this was a terrible trial to the mother. Hers was not that weak fondness which would mar the destinies of her child, rather than lose him from her side for a few years. She felt he ought to go, and she would not oppose it, but the struggle for the resolve cost her dear. The seeds of a constitutional disease had long been preying upon her, and this harassing contest with her hopes and fears—for she feared much from his proud, impulsive, sensitive nature, thrown into a vortex of dissipation and vice, and she hoped much from his remarkable brilliancy—proved too severe, and brought on the crisis. All that love could do was done, and all of skill that wealth could buy: for Mr. PARKE was shocked from his apathy by the peril of the wife he always loved deeply while he belonged to himself, and showed himself all that could be asked at such

an hour. It availed nothing; and the moaning, half-frantic children learned their first awful lesson of reality by the death-bed of a mother—and such a mother!—she that was to them all they knew of love, and hope, and joy in this world. They could not realize it. There could not be anything so relentless as to creep thus, unprovoked and uninvited, into their little paradise, to ravish their innocent happiness, and hide away such holy tenderness, such sweet smiles, such words of melody, and looks of unutterable love, beneath the cold, rude earth, for the mute grass and dark, still trees to grow above it all. Oh! it could not be. How could they look at the bright sun again, when she who told them the story of its rounds was gone; and the flowers and birds, whose names she taught them to lisp; and the great teeming world of life, whose being and whose forms her lips had taught them how to note? Would it not be now to them a bare, crude chaos, since the spirit of love, which, like light, went over them from her, had vanished in deep eclipse? The dreadful reality came at last, crashing through brain and sense like a rugged ice-bolt, and left them almost lifeless too at the footstool of the Pale Conqueror. And when, with the dying effort, she called them to her bedside and reminded them of the life to come, and how her spirit would still keep watch above them on invisible wings, their grief was deep, and would not be comforted. And when she told him how he must be good and great and bear up his gentle sister, he struggled with all his manfulness to nerve himself to be her comforter. But that reality! it

was too crushingly horrible, and he only escaped from death by sinking into a dumb torpor which lasted for a week, and when he waked to life, LOUISE bent over him in the habiliments of mourning, and all the dreadful past flashed upon him. He threw himself upon her neck and wept. 'My sister! sweet LOUISE! we can but live for each other now!'

CHAPTER III.

"SEVERAL years had passed, and the proud, sensitive boy had become a man. His college days had been to him a harsh period of initiation to life as it is out among men. At first he had been reserved and shy, and the coarse and reckless thought him tame until some unlucky presumption brought out the lurking fierceness of his nature, which forthwith startled all parties into respect. His impetuous spirit soon rushed to the other extreme, and in a short time the quiet HOWARD became noted as the dashing genius of the institution—the man of universal leisure, but always leading his class;—the gay, the courteous, and the chivalric; noted as the wit and the convivialist, but equally for his temperance and scorn of all low vices. He took the honors and left, followed by the proud prophecies and warm encomiums of his professors, and the love and unbounded admiration of his fellows. He flew to LOUISE like an uncaged bird, for as yet he knew no other love than that he bore for her who was mother, sister—the whole world to him. With her the days had dragged their weary

length along sadly enough since that beloved brother was away. Her father had settled back into a more impassive apathy than ever, and seemed to have forgotten that anything else existed—that there was any other reality than his precious decimals. Ministering to his automaton wants with a most unwearying fidelity, the utter loneliness of her position was only relieved by the presence of a stiff old maiden-aunt in the house, and occasional visits of relations from a distance. A correspondence with her brother had been the only solace; and on the weekly letter, crowded to the last fraction of an inch, she managed to spend part of every day. And now when he had come to stay! It was happiness almost too great to be real! They who have not known the sacred refinement of a sister's love, are unfortunate. Life has few enough pleasant passages at best, and man can ill afford to lose this most chaste, spiritual, and least selfish of all emotions. It lifts us nearer to angelic life, has more of happiness and Heaven in it, than any sentiment that moves our natures. Other love is tainted with the leaven of earthliness, something of egoism—that is unpurged and gross: but the love of a bright, gentle sister!—oh! sure an angel must envy it! HOWARD forgot the world, ambition, everything, in adding to the happiness of LOUISE. It was mournfully pleasant to hear, in her tones, that voice the grave had closed its unechoing walls upon, and see the smile that was frozen live again in love upon the daughter's and a sister's face! Two months had glided past unheeded, and yet he felt no restlessness, no regrets for

the battle and the victories of the active world. LOUISE and the old library were world enough for him. But every Eden will find its serpent sooner or later. A letter was received announcing a long visit from a distant female relative. They knew nothing of her, except that she was reputed the most fastidious belle of Richmond, and her father a distant connection of MR. PARKE, an old friend, and a rich and dashing speculator. HOWARD regretted this intrusion, for he was expecting the visit of his dearest friend and College chum, in whose praise he had been most eloquent to LOUISE, and he feared that somehow or other certain projects of his for the making that dear friend a very happy man, might be interfered with by this new visit. But now things all went wrong. A letter soon came from the friend—FRANK WALTERS—deferring his visit on account of the serious illness of his father, and the same day brought a travelling carriage to the door; and he felt his hand tremble ominously as he took that of ELLEN CARTER, to escort her down the carriage steps and into the house; for a single glance showed him she was gloriously beautiful, and the first tone of her voice thrilled him like a harp.

CHAPTER IV.

“AND sure if face and form have ever existed, since ADA and ZILLAH won their lovers from the skies, which could arrest a celestial nature to linger and look again, that face and form was ELLEN CARTER’S. All her viva-

cious being was piquant grace. There was an exquisite perfection, the sparkle of a power to charm, living in every fibre and on everything pertaining to her, from the sly curl that wantoned on her neck to the twinkle of her delicate foot. She was one of those *chefs-d'œuvre* of Nature's prodigal moods, which defy all cynics, and would drive a school of Zenos mad. The light that shot in blazes from her great dark eyes was electric, and searched to the bone and marrow of the will. Her face was of that pure, classic stamp, which has marked the Jewess through all time; but what made its effect so startling, was a dazzling whiteness of complexion contrasted with the black eyebrow, wavy hair, and features common to the brunette. One was first astonished by this unusual combination—looked twice, and was bewitched. So it was with poor HOWARD, and so it had been with many another full-hearted enthusiast. This woman possessed a control over men that had positively something witch-like in it. Her spirit was cold and keenly discriminating, while her eyes burned with liquid fires. She had never known any worship but that of her own image, and her soul was cased in a sheet-armor of selfishness. She looked at men as a sportsman does at a horse, with a connoisseuring eye, consummate to judge their 'parts' and adaptation to the ends of amusement or profit; and with this a skill, a cool, unshaken mercilessness in bending or crushing them into the abject slaves of her domineering humor. No sentiment so just, so delicate, so high, of which she did not understand perfectly the intonation and expres-

sion. An actress so artistical, so self-possessed, she never made a failure. A subtle, confident, capricious spirit looked calmly out from behind a mask of the most passionate *naïveté*, and as she was never excited in earnest herself, and always exciting others, she ruled their pur-blind impulse with a curb of steel and lash of fire, until she drove them desperate or made them humble. She had not realized that the world held anything but herself worth loving, and knew no other passion but the love of conquering, and no better amusement than the writhing of her victims. She could work herself into a sort of passion; but it was the passion of the green-room, 'got up' to make her acting more effective. Her whimsical taste had cloyed of conquest in Richmond. She had heard of young HOWARD's College reputation; and besides, her father was becoming embarrassed, and she determined to try her hand upon the fresh and unsophisticated young genius for variety's sake, as well as consult her own convenience and pride by a retirement of a few months until her father's affairs should be righted. With the most perfect deliberation, every look, and word, and action was shaped for its effect upon his nice and peculiar taste. She possessed intellect enough to appreciate any character so as to humor its tone and sentiment with sufficient judgment to deceive any sagacity that had been first dazzled by her personal charms; and so successful was she, that the childlike wilfulness and trustful innocence of her air first attracted irresistibly the heart of HOWARD. Such a manner may at first glance seem inconsistent with the maturity of experi-

ence and intellect I have described her as possessing. It must be remembered, though, that like many American girls, and those of the South more particularly, ELLEN CARTER had been a coquette from very early childhood. Before the age at which the girls of European countries have fairly laid aside their bibs and tuckers—certainly not their long aprons—those of the South have fully entered upon the drill of flirtation. As the beauty of fortune, ELLEN had been courted at thirteen, and the same thing over again at least once a month had kept her in good practice up to this period—seventeen! Beside, if her training in selfishness had not been so perfect as the spoiled, only daughter of a vain, weak mother, she was constitutionally and intuitively a coquette! Be all this as it may, it is certain that HOWARD, at the end of one week, found that he had run through what seemed to him the agony and extacies of an ordinary life-time—that he had been driven, and tossed, and dashed about by a tornado of passions of which he had never before deemed his nature to be capable. He was frantically, hopelessly in love; and yet his judgment, which sometimes pealed a still small note of alarm, was dissatisfied. She loved him! What more could he ask? She was the superlative of all that was coyly, delicately tantalizing, bright, and pure, that still imagination in bottomless conceit could conjure! But yet there was an aching void somewhere; what it was, or where it was, he had no time to investigate. There was no time to spare from bliss. He drank and drank the fire from her eyes and that odorous breath. It was

a brave revel that his hot blood kept! and Fancy's pinions grew apace, and waxed exulting, and, out on missions through the Universe of Wonders and of Beauty, sailed to do her bidding, and joyed to be her bond-slave, and lay its gemmed gleanings at her feet. When those gray shadows did not creep upon his vision, how excellent the Elysian Earth did seem with all its gallant show of glorious sights and the pomp of euphony that swelled out from them all! It was Love that made it so! and what a holy thing is Love! It lifts us near to God, and makes our being sentient of his! How kind, how merciful, how full of charity he felt to all the creatures of such a Being!—for had He not made ELLEN, and Love, and Hope, and Joy, and Peace, and sent them forth to make this Earth a Heaven? So the young HOWARD *raved* in the rapt ecstasy of a first love, into which all the fire and fervor of his impetuous imaginative nature had been thrown without reserve. Months rolled by like hours, and he believed himself to be the happiest mortal in existence.

“The following brief conversation, six months after their first interview, between HOWARD and ELLEN in her father's parlor at Richmond, may throw some light upon the farther progress of the affair. She reclined in an easy position upon a sofa: he stood before her; his features ghastly and rigid, a fierce and stern indignation gleaming in his eye. ‘And so, Miss!’ he said in a very low voice, but speaking with slow distinctness, ‘in spite of our engagement you are determined to disregard my wishes, and permit this puppyish coxcomb to hang

about you?’ ‘Upon my word, Mr. HOWARD, you had better wait till we are married before you dictate to me after this fashion!’ ‘I requested it, ELLEN, and gave you my reasons for it. I have told you I did not wish my bride to recognize him as a gentleman!’ ‘I am sure father recognizes him as such,’ she answered, shaking her little foot very unconcernedly; ‘and, what is more, he is very rich and witty. HOWARD, it is nothing but jealousy!’ ‘Heavens! has it come to this? ELLEN—wretched girl!—you force it upon me—’ ‘I would force upon you,’ she interrupted him, coolly, ‘not to teaze me so with your eternal jealousy!’ ‘Miserable, soulless creature! beautiful devil! in the guise of angels you have led me a mad, wild dance; but the spell is broken! I am done!’ He turned to leave the room: she called after him: ‘HOWARD! dear HOWARD! I ride with the coxcomb at six! Join us, will you? there’s a good HOWARD!’ He stamped his foot furiously, turned upon her one glance of unutterable scorn, and left the house!

CHAPTER V.

“THE golden bowl was broken at the fountain: the halo had passed away from life! HOWARD went forth from that house a desolate and desperate man. The shortest possible time found him in New York. For several months his friends heard nothing of him. At last a friend wrote them that he had been lying dangerously ill of a brain-fever at a hotel, and that he was

now slowly recovering. The next thing they heard of him was—HOWARD PARKE, the young Virginian, is the most noted and reckless *roué* in New York! This was a terrible blow to LOUISE, who only suspected the cause; though the artful ELLEN smoothed it all over to her. They now lost sight of him: he had disappeared suddenly from the city, and his acquaintances—for he had no intimates—thought, some that he had sailed for Europe, others that he had gone to the Far West. When HOWARD rose from that sick-bed, his closest friend would not have known him. Beside the ravages of sickness, a hard and bitter expression had settled upon his handsome, pleasant face; for a cold and cheerless infidelity had sunk into his heart—a harsh and relentless distrust of all the seeming good and true. His great stake was lost; the venture upon which he had risked his all of hope and faith had tricked him fearfully, and he would trust no more. He went forth into society again, with the venom of scorn upon his lips, and a loud unnatural laugh, that made even the callous feel strange to hear. A fractious, vindictive temper soon caused him to be marked and dreaded at the gaming-tables, where he staked high, was most successful, and chilled men by his taunting relentlessness in sweeping the last farthing from the unfortunate, which he would throw away the next moment on some wild whim. He fairly ‘out-Heroded Herod’ in every species of dissipation, and was particularly remarkable for his mocking, exaggerated courtesy to woman.

“After an absence of two years he made his appear-

ance again in New York, followed by rumors which made people stare at him in curiosity and fear. There was something said about a duel he had provoked with a British officer, and carried to a fatal result under circumstances displaying singular ferocity. It was never perfectly understood however; for he was silent, and no one dared question him. He drank incessantly, and looked the wreck of a debauchee. His father was dead in the meantime, and had left his pregnant problem all unsolved. He left for Balnagowan, to take possession of the estate! . . .

“Stopping his barouche at the park-gate, he got out to walk to the house. In passing through the high shrubbery near the Summer-house, he heard a voice that had never been forgotten. He stopped, pushed aside the bushes, and listened. A plaintive and tremulous voice! ‘Oh, FRANK, FRANK! why will you make me so unwomanly to show you how much I love?’ A peculiar sound is heard: he changes his position. There they are! ELLEN, sitting upon his knee with her arms about his neck, is pressing her lip to the cheek of FRANK WALTERS, whose head is turned slightly away! It is enough! He walks quietly on to the house—the fires of Tartarus raging in his bosom! LOUISE meets him in the passage. How wan she is! She stops, looks hard at him for a moment, bursts into tears, and sobs upon his bosom: ‘Oh, my brother, my brother! Can it be true? My God, now let me live to win him back to thee again!’ ‘Hush, Lou! No wailing around me! Get me some brandy, if you happen to have any in this

old aguish-looking house!’ The poor girl staggered back, with her hands pressed upon her temples, and stared at him with a wild, incredulous look. ‘Are you HOWARD—HOWARD PARKE? The brother of my childhood, that my mother blessed? Oh, pity! pity! pity us in Heaven!’ and she sank with her face upon the sofa, mute and motionless. ELLEN and WALTERS now enter; she hanging fondly upon his arm. She turned very pale, and sank upon a seat, at the sight of HOWARD. WALTERS was shocked, but stepped forward to greet him cordially. ‘Why, FRANK! my noble fellow, glad to see you!’ said HOWARD, in a strange, harsh voice, as he shook his hand and walked past him toward ELLEN. ‘And you, my dark-eyed witch! lovely and murderous as ever, I see! I faith, I think you have improved in charms! What! won’t offer an old victim that flower-soft hand?’ She stretched it out timidly, with an imploring look at FRANK, for she was frightened at his unnatural manner. He took it, shook it hard, and gazed long and steadily into her face. Then turning abruptly, he said: ‘Come, FRANK, let’s walk till the ladies recover their nerves, which seem to be sadly discomposed by the sudden apparition of my ghostly self!’ WALTERS took his arm without a word, and they walked out. He rattled on in the same exaggerated style about indifferent things and old times, until they were out of sight of the house, and then dropping WALTERS’ arm he stepped suddenly in front of him, and looking him in the eye with a sinister smile upon his face, said, abruptly: ‘FRANK, you used to be a good shot. Take

that!’ striking him full in the face; ‘I will give you an opportunity for practice!’ WALTERS sprang back astounded; for he knew little or nothing of the old affair with ELLEN. ‘You are brutalized with drink, sir! What does this mean?’ ‘And FRANK WALTERS asks that question!’ laughed HOWARD, with the laugh of a fiend. ‘Do you make it necessary for me to repeat the hint!’ and he made a step toward him. WALTERS stepped back, his face flushed and his eyes flaming. ‘Wretched fool! your heart’s blood can never wipe this stain from my cheek; but it shall go as far as it may! In one hour, if you please, at the old oak on the branch!’ ‘Delightful, FRANK! the very place! Here, take my arm again; we need n’t tell the women!’ They walked back to the house; the two girls looked hard at them; but HOWARD talked on in the same style, and WALTERS was perfectly calm. Soon after, on pretext of retiring to their rooms, the young men escaped from the house, as they thought, unobserved. HOWARD went to his barouche for his pistols; and by different ways they met alone at the appointed place—an old oak standing apart in a thick wood, with an open spot immediately around it. ‘FRANK, my dear fellow!’ said HOWARD, as he stepped forward and placed the pistol-case on the ground; ‘this is rather awkward, getting along without seconds. But you know me! These pistols are properly loaded; take your choice! We will throw up for the word, and stand back to back; and whoever gets the word shall count one; we will both step out in front till four is pronounced, then wheel and

fire. Does that suit you, my dear fellow?' 'Perfectly, sir!' said FRANK, sternly, as he stepped forward and took up a pistol. 'Here is a coin; say.' Throwing it up—'Heads!' 'Tails! It is my word,' said WALTERS; 'take your position!' 'Yes, FRANK, with pleasure. I am going to kill you, FRANK, if I can! I saw you kiss that accursed witch, ELLEN CARTER; and I had sworn to kill the man she loved! Sorry it was you!' 'It needed nothing more of brutality to accomplish your ends; you might have spared that sacred name at such a time. Are you ready?' 'Aye!' 'One—two——three——four!' A pistol-shot and a faint shriek! Horror! LOUISE was clinging to her brother's neck, and a red stain was on her white dress near the shoulder! Oh, terrible indeed was that sight to the wretched WALTERS! His trigger had been pulled while wheeling, and before he saw her! Was he the murderer of that devoted girl? 'Merciful God!' He sprang forward. The brother had laid her on the ground and stooped over her, his wrath all forgotten; and as he saw the blood gush to those sweet lips, the ice was broken round his heart, and he bowed his head upon her bosom and wailed aloud. It was a fearful scene indeed! She had lain perfectly still; but when she heard that voice of grief, she opened her blue eyes and smiled. 'Thank God, my brother! all will be well yet,' she whispered. 'It is not much!' HOWARD was stung the more deeply. He threw himself upon the earth, writhing like a wounded serpent, and tore it with his hands, and groaned with the deep wretch of mortal

agony ! But why prolong the dreadful scene ? Some of the servants had heard the pistol, and came and assisted WALTERS to bear her to the house. HOWARD had to be assisted too ; for he was weaker than a child. He was crushed and broken now in earnest. That sister giving her life for his, drove all his bitter distrust of humanity to the winds, and left him penitent and meek. It was evidently a deliberate sacrifice on her part ; for she must have been concealed behind a tree near them, heard the arrangement, and thus thrown herself in just at the instant when she must receive the shot ! Love so unspeakable ! a devotion so sublime ! Oh, how the past, with its cold and revolting selfishness and forgetfulness, harrowed up his soul ! And poor WALTERS ! his was a piteous fate indeed. He hung about the sick room like a shadow. Over her bed HOWARD and he shook hands and wept ; and HOWARD told him all of ELLEN'S treacherous baseness, and he turned from her in loathing ! Now came the retribution ; for the arrow had sunk into her heart at last, and she loved WALTERS with desperate fervor. She too was bowed, and wept, and pleaded to be forgiven ; but he could not be moved, and turned from her in scorn ; and she returned to Richmond broken-hearted ! Long the life of LOUISE hung on a nice balance. The two young men could take no rest ; they watched with the unwinking gaze of fascination for its swerving the one way or the other. They scarcely drew natural breath ; forgot that they lived themselves, in that long, pulseless, terrible suspense ! The physician announced the crisis as favorably passed.

They fell into each other's arms and wept; but they were pleasant tears! They were reprieved at last from worse than ten thousand deaths; and when the pale, gentle sufferer smiled on them once again with that old smile, they were joyous as children, and laughed amidst their tears, and were guilty of sundry joyous extravagances.

CHAPTER VI.

"A YEAR had passed by. WALTERS and HOWARD had never left the side of LOUISE. WALTERS and she were to be married soon. HOWARD looked like the good and chivalrous HOWARD of three years since. He looked calm and happy, and read the old books for LOUISE with the old intonation of his mellow voice, and she sat with the smile of a seraph upon her face, and twisted her white fingers in the curls above his wide forehead, while WALTERS claimed the other hand, and looked half jealous. A letter is brought by a servant; it is from a friend of WALTERS in Richmond, and is an account of the death of the famous belle and beauty, ELLEN CARTER. She died a ghost already—for she had pined to a shadow—and calling his name with her last breath. Her father had utterly failed, and become a sot; and poverty haunted her to the grave! This news saddened the party greatly, and HOWARD was locked in his room for two days; but he came out with his brow serene and smooth again. . . .

"Several years passed—and we have a bridal party

in Washington. The papers announce the marriage of the Honorable HOWARD PARKE, the brilliant young member from Virginia, who has been the lion of the session, to the gentle daughter of a distinguished senator from South Carolina. The ceremony is performed by Mr. PARKE's brother-in-law, the Reverend Mr. WALTERS, the eloquent chaplain of the House. The bridal party immediately set out for Mr. PARKE's ancestral estate at Balnagowan."

As my fellow-traveller concluded his story, the coach drove up to the door of the Royal Hotel, Prince's Street, and we parted, alas ! never to meet again in this world, for I have since learned that the interesting old man is dead.

THE FALLEN EAGLE.

By William Thompson Bacon.

AND thou hast then come down here from thy height,
Bird of the Sun! Thou may'st no longer sweep
The broad air with thy wings, fly at the Storm
Coming out from the North, or sweep away
In all thy majesty and glory on
Ever before it, turning now thine eye
In scorn at the red lightnings launched along
Thy passage, or with thy loud screams outdoing
The very thunder. Thou hast been struck down
From thy high place. Thy vigorous wing no more
Can beat the void, and raise thee up. Thine eye
Stareth no longer at the sun, or dareth
All he can fling at thee. Thy noble heart,
King of the Sky, no longer beats and throbs,
All conscious of its innate majesty,
And almost god-like glory. Thou art struck,
As 't were a star out of its place, and here,
Draggled and wet, thy plumes torn or plucked out,
Thou liest and gaspest.

Whose power, kingly one,
Marked thee and smote thee? 'T was not man's; his
thought,
Grasping and great as 't is, can king it not
Over thy realm. He may behold thee; aye,
He doth; and his proud thought will sweep thy track,
And as thou dost so will he mark the sun,
And try to steal his glory. But his power,
Oh! 't is of earth, and not, thou king, where thou
Ridest and reignest. Was 't the storm? No. We
Beheld thee gaze at that, ascend and play
With the live clouds, like billows o'er Heaven's face
Crowded on by loud harrowing winds. We saw thee
Mark his approach, and when thou hadst, aspiring,
Shown thine own kingly daring, then afar
Sweep in thy conscious kingship, scorning both
The storm's fire and its bellowings, and then
Thou didst ascend above its track, and calmly
See it, thy subject, thundering on below.
Who cast thee down then, king? Was it that king
Who is indeed King? He who made this air
Thou dar'st to play with so? this earth? all earths?
And all this glorious frame-work which we see,
Both when the day comes, and when night brings down
The mighty worlds that stretch afar and on
Where can thought pierce not? He who made that
heart
So lion-like? and gave that form that holds it?
And that proud wing, thy heart's slave, by which thou
Dost king it through the sky? yes, and e'en o'er

The storm, *thy* master's glory? Yes, 't was He,
King! aye a king no more, who smote thee down,
As 't were morn's proudest cresset from its place,
And here with all that 's base of earth has cast thee
To flutter in the mire, and gasp and die.

I wonder if thou hast a heart, proud bird,
Like to all other hearts that beat and are
A part of the upholding fire and life
And energy of the living universe!
Did it in some one part keep (shut from all
Eyes but thine own, and that one other heart's
That shared thy weakness) feelings, such as thrill
And make that heart leap with a pulse no language
Can fully speak of? Is there some peak now,
Jutting up from old mounts somewhere on earth,
Where thou 'st an eyrie; to which flew thy thought,
With passion from thy proud track near the sun,
And down to which as faithful as the light
Thou sped'st when night wrapped earth, and where
thou stay'dst

Till the morn roused thee up again? And there
Didst thou with pride look on thy younglings, dreaming
Of the far time, when with thee, mid the light
And blaze of Heaven's noon, they should amaze us
As thou dost? That proud heart, as we must deem,
Beat with the madness of that fire that burns
Where heart and life are; and that fire may now
Be burning, drinking thy life's stream, the worst
Drop of thy sorrows.

Noble bird ! like thee
Many an eagle mind is smote from out
Its proud track near the sun, and like thine own
Crushed in the dust ; and like thy noble heart
Many are rent ; and like thee too perhaps,
They sigh for life's last freedom—and in vain.

NEW HAVEN, June, 1844.

PLEA FOR REMEMBRANCE.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

REMEMBER ME, remember me, sweet friends,
When I am in my grave. I would not pass
Quite from your lips away. When by the hearth
At Winter eve ye sit, the gentle gleam
Or fitful blaze falling on brows beloved,
Picture, and harp, and statue, bird, and bud
Of cherished plant, then let my vacant seat
Be tenanted again, and speak my name;
But not in sadness.

When ye thoughtful muse
O'er classic legends of the olden time,
Or summon from their mouldering tombs the sage,
Patriot and seer—when with her wand of flame
History doth touch your spirits—let me sit
Beside you, with my hand upon the page,
And catch that breath of knowledge which doth make
Man like the angels.

When at vernal morn,
The young grass wakes to greenness, and the birds

Prolong their matins, or with searching eye
And swelling bosom, frame the future nest—
When through its lonely glen the leaping brook
Sings, not forgetful of its icy chain,
So lately broke—would that one thought of me,
Dear friends, might mingle with the excess of joy :
For I have loved Creation's beauteous things
Even to a flood of rapture, and would fain
Not quite be swept from Nature's sheltering breast,
Like withered leaf.

When Summer's twilight dews
Warn that the sylvan walk must have an end,
And on the sofa, 'neath your vine-wreathed bower,
You sit in tender converse, till the moon
Steal unawares upon you—friends, sweet friends,
May no remembered word or deed of mine
Be dissonant, in that so sacred hour,
While soul is knit to soul.

When Autumn winds
Moan through the nut-strewn forest, and the trees,
Foreseeing evil, throw their robes aside,
As casts the storm-driven mariner his wares
To the swoln sea—when in your breast there sighs
A plaintive voice, that thus all earthly pride
Like grass shall fade—oh, gentle friends ! the tone
That answereth you is mine.

Or, when you rock
Your cradled babe, singing that lullaby

Which hath an echo in yon land of love,
Or see the round and velvet foot essay
Its first light travel o'er the nursery-floor,
Or catch the music of the first-born word,
In that full flow of the heart's deepest bliss,
Remember me.

When on the pitying ear
Doth fall the plaint of him who famisheth
For lack of bread or knowledge—when the sob
Of orphan mourning stirs the fount of tears,
List to a whisper from the lowly clay
Where they have made my bed: “be bountiful
In alms and sympathy. Yea, praise thy God,
If thou art counted worthy to perform
Daily some act of kindness, ere the tomb
Draws darkly on.”

When wanes the gleaming lamp
Subdued, o'er silver locks, and young, bright heads,
Bowed low in prayer—when earnest lips entreat
Forgiveness for the errors of the day,
And angel-watchmen o'er the helpless hours
Of Sleep, brother of Death—oh! if the laws
Of that unseen, eternal world permit,
Fain would I in your household circle be,
Loved friends! to catch the contrite sigh, and mark
The thought of Faith, that with its link of gold
Binds to the Throne of God!

THE DEAREST GRAVE.

By Rev. George Burgess.

AT the last grave I stand. The day is past,
And twilight's calm, red sky is fading fast;
Blest be the LORD, who sends this pensive hour,
Lulls the rough wind, and closes up the flower,
Gives beast, and bird, and weary man their rest,
And soothes to grateful peace the wounded breast.
A sweeter rest remains, and there art thou,
Beloved, betrothed, mine never more than now!
Thou, left with me when none were left beside,
Thou at whose death my race, my being died,
Save of that race this lone and leafless tree,
And of that heart the hope to follow thee.
Since first began the power of dreams to frame
My fairy world of bliss that never came,
In each ideal scene thy image shone,
And had an empire that was all its own;
From boyhood's days not one may Memory bring,
That did not see it like the sun of Spring;
There it remained when all the visions flew,
And, false to much, I yet to thee was true:

Fairer than here it smiled it smiles above,
And thou art still my first, my only love.
That firm affection could not lead astray,
Its gentle voice outsang the sorc'ress' lay :
E'en when in childhood, round some blazing hearth,
Our band of cousins came in noisy mirth,
Or happier yet retraced the rural road,
Where long my grandsire held his blest abode ;
O'er orchard, meadow, forest, rambled free,
Stripped the full bush, and shook the bending tree ;
When for my side in many a partner's play,
One choice I had, and feared that choice to say ;
When laughing Friendship read the destined sign,
My eyes, my brow the ruder shade of thine ;
And half believed our equal ages end
The severed stream in beauteous flow to blend ;
E'en then a word, a look from thee could still
My passion wild, my strong, rebellious will ;
E'en then, though wavering oft, I wished to be
The duteous, grateful child I saw in thee.
Long, long untold, but kept in vestal truth,
That firm affection passed through all my youth :
When favoring minds too large a praise decreed,
It was my joy that thou wouldst prize the meed :
When on a foreign strand I wandered far,
Thou cam'st, as true as yon fair western star :
When bowed in soul I heard my Saviour's voice,
Sweet was the thought of thy devoted choice :
When morn and midnight saw me bend alone,
My prayers for thee were wafted to the Throne.

How oft that graceful form, in Fancy nigh,
Has made some heavy toil glide smoothly by!
How many a time my fastened sight would trace
Something of thee in some bright, stranger face;
Not stately charms, nor light, alluring wiles,
But goodness' self, when goodness gayest smiles.
Affliction came, and since thy brother died,
Thy robes of mourning ne'er were laid aside;
Year after year we wept our kindred's fall,
Till thou to me, as I to thee, wert all.

All, and how much! We still might hope to twine
Above one threshold dear the peaceful vine,
And, taught by tears, like pilgrims here to go,
In union share such joys as pilgrims know.
How shall my heart on that fond moment dwell
When still I turned to look a brief farewell,
When we had parted, yet with scarce a pain,
For swift return should bind the sacred chain.
I paused awhile beneath the moon-beams bright;
Shone from thy window's shade one lonely light;
I saw thee sit as weary with the way,
Or lost in musing on the bygone day;
From thy fair frame the cloak was backward flung,
Down thy supporting arm the dark veil hung;
And I could feel how high thy bosom swelled,
What changing scenes thy mental glance beheld,
Future and past, the altar and the grave,
As the sad seaman looks o'er land and wave.
Was it for me thou seem'dst thy hands to raise,

While turned in tears my last delighted gaze?
Again I saw thee; suffering fierce and deep,
The wildered brain, the couch that knows not sleep—
Oh! thou hadst much endured; but, through the gloom,
Like those bright twain that watched at JOSEPH'S tomb,
Patience and Faith sustained the house of clay,
Languid and pale, and lovely in decay;
And gladness trembled in thy voice and eye,
That I had hasted far to see thee die.
Thou best and dearest! Death had lost its sting;
For me thy spirit lingered on the wing;
Cheered as thou wert thy long beloved to cheer,
And make him feel the hour of meeting near;
Feel every grief Almighty grace attend,
Guiding the path and guarding till the end;
Feel, worship, love, that wise, that bounteous sway,
Good when it gives, good when it takes away!

THE REPROACH.

By Mary Ann Hanmer Dodd.

“Death would be dark indeed,
If, with this mortal shroud,
We threw off all the sympathies
That in our being crowd.”

DEAREST, I watch for thee,
Through the long day, and the still, solemn night;
When the broad sun gilds every rock and tree,
And when the stars are bright.

Spring cometh with its bloom,
Calling all green things into life again;
Shedding new beauty even round the tomb,
Where still I watch in vain.

Thy footfall on the grass,
Were sweeter than its own upspringing sound,
Which, low and musical, where zephyrs pass,
Breathes to the spirits round.

Deep joy it is to know
With what true harmony the work goes on;
To see the stream of life, or swift, or slow,
Pouring its tide along.

But higher were the bliss
If thou wert near, while to thy gentle heart
With influence unseen, such joy as this
My spirit might impart.

Summer her sunshine sends
To gild the spot where parting tears were shed;
And o'er the grave of buried love she bends
With garlands for the dead.

Where are *thy* votive flowers?
Where are thy tears the chaplet fresh to keep?
Vain is the show, though sculptured marble towers,
Where love forgets to weep.

Oh ! thou canst brightly smile;
Smile with the barbed arrow in thy heart;
Come from the restless crowd to muse awhile
Where sleep the dead apart.

Here thou wouldst comfort find;
Peace like a river round thy path should roll,
And the soft sighing of the Summer wind
Should soothe thy troubled soul.

Crowned with her berries red,
Still Autumn comes to steal the moments bright,
And round the lonely place of graves to shed
Her melancholy light.

As deep her colors shine;
As thickly here her faded garlands lie;
But the leaves rustle not to step of thine;
The wind wafts not thy sigh.

Were it not meet to roam
In the dim churchyard, when the sombre hours
Wake in the saddened heart a mournful moan
Over life's dying flowers?

Where the pale sunlight lies,
Fair forms beside the mossy stone are seen;
Hope, with her finger pointing to the skies,
And Faith, with brow serene.

Winter, with cheerless face,
Visits the peaceful dwelling of the dead;
Nor will his ruthless hand refuse a grace,
To deck their icy bed.

Blue is the bending sky,
And the clear sunbeam rests upon the spot;
Crystals and snow-wreaths in the pathway lie;
But still *thou* comest not.

Thus rolls the year away ;
No careful hand the willow trains to wave,
Or plants the flower with fragrant leaves to lay
On Love's neglected grave.

No footstep lingers near ;
No streaming tears moisten the swelling mound ;
No sweet, lamenting voice the zephyrs hear,
Stirring the stillness round.

Oh, leave me not alone !
Come with the moist eye and the bended knee,
Where by the green grave with the sculptured stone,
Dearest, I watch for *thee*.

HARTFORD, June 1844.

A RURAL RAMBLE.

By Henry C. Deming.

It was about the middle of last September that, wearied with the avocations and *ennuayed* with the pleasures of metropolitan life, I determined to leave the haunts of men, and for a few days hold converse with Nature in her solitudes. I wished to wash my soul of the miasmas that had settled upon it in the city. I needed the pure air of the mountains—the fragrant breath from the meadows. I needed that life which,

“ exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

To my native mountains—to the homestead cradled in green slopes, where my heart was first attuned to the melodies of Nature—I determined to betake myself.

Cannot the reader be dragged from the artificial society around him, and accompany me in one of my thoughtful wanderings, through the coolest recesses of Nature, and sweeten his imagination by the excursion? Sir

JOSHUA REYNOLDS mentions the calm description of MACBETH's Castle, immediately preceding the horrors of that fearful night, as a beautiful instance of what in Painting is called repose. For a time, therefore, let the devotee of ambition or vanity respire the air that breathes wooingly, before spurring on for the crown. I will give him a sketch of a meditative ramble, indicted while the soil was still on my boots and the flavor on my palate.

A frolic stream, which I was tracing to its source, had seduced me through a succession of rock-strewn gorges—such as these mountain streamlets love—for many miles into the hills. During my progress, the scenery had gradually changed from the quiet to the picturesque; and what I had left below a shallow creek, dimpling gently over its pebbled bed, was here a torrent, rushing madly among opposing rocks, devious, fretted, and brawling. Did not I, like melancholy JACQUES, moralize the spectacle? O yes! into a thousand similes. Was not here impetuous youth, wasting its energies on the hard and stony soil which it could not fertilize, dashing madly from disappointment to disappointment, till the modest lowland took the wanderer to its bosom, to cheer the meadow and the harvest field?

I was aware that for sometime I had been lifting myself sunward, and, knowing the nature of the surrounding country, was anxious for a look-out. A break in the woods above promised it, and did not disappoint me. I have shouted among the crags of the White Mountains, where the ruins of Nature seemed heaped con-

fusedly together, to relieve the sense of my own littleness. I have stood upon the platform of Kaatskill at sunrise, and as the mist-curtain slowly lifted from the world beneath, have sunk under the overpowering extent and grandeur of a scene, which God himself might have witnessed when He pronounced his work to be "very good." But the simple presence of Nature is too stern for human sympathies; and our hearts, which the grand crushes, expand only over the beautiful. Here was an agricultural landscape of surpassing loveliness, where Nature had prepared a dwelling-place for man, whose art blended harmoniously with her bounty; the western sun tinging the blue smoke of the homestead; the breeze of evening waving the cornfield; while over the upland and on the slope, Industry was driving the wagon, and Plenty shouting with the reapers.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music," is the exquisite remark of JESSICA, upon the moon-lit bank. The harmonies of Nature affect me as the tones of artificial melody did that little ducat-stealing apostate. This melancholy which is not gloom is one of the choicest elements of our pleasure, and which in fact distinguishes it from mere gayety. I thought I could trace an analogy to this in the quick shadows that the clouds, which were hastening to curtain in the sun, threw upon the vale beneath, tinging for a moment as they passed the golden hue of the harvest, and then flying away like breath from the surface of a mirror. Healthful and happy are the quiet valleys of our earth which God holdeth in the hollow of his hand! Blessed are they

breathing incense to the smiling morn; blessed are they in the still noontide, with cups overflowing to the warm sun; blessed nestling to rest beneath the mantle of night! Spring scattereth her blossoms into their lap, and Autumn filleth it with her fruits. Blessed are the valleys!

I now rapidly retraced my steps, and after walking for about an hour, I crossed a bridle path in the woods, and found it thronged by crowds of the pious and curious, whose destination was a Camp Meeting in the vicinity. I soon reached the forest sanctuary. The stillness of one of September's balmy evenings was unbroken, save by the cool gurgle of waters, or the rattle of a startled grasshopper; and the silence of many-voiced Nature was streaming heavenward adoringly. How beautiful and appropriate the idea of a Christian community snatching a small portion of every year from the greedy clutches of the world, and presenting it as a golden censer, filled with prayer and praise, pure and uncontaminated to their God! The solitary enthusiast whom a spirit not to be resisted drove into the wilderness, to commune with things above him, did well; but how much better is his devotion who, forsaking merely the cares and troubles of domestic life, carries with him into the woods every amiable tie, every kindly association that hallows the family altar, and pours forth not a selfish raving, but a grateful prayer, that broods with wings dropping blessings over the loved ones that cluster around him. Whose temple, too, is like unto his? Can the wildest freaks of the Gothic style compare

with its original, the grotesque tracery of intertwining branches? Have not the harmonies of Nature a devotion-kindling power equal to the brilliant fugue or solemn diapason? Or is the many-hued light of the tinged window more subduing in its influence than the broken sunbeam dappling the herbage? My reflections were dispelled by the faint note of a hymn wafted slowly to my ear, so faint—every discord mitigated by distance—that the tone seemed scarcely human. As I drew nearer to the camp-ground the strain became more distinct, and I was able to recognize one of the oldest and simplest melodies of our psalmody, one whose movements have been traced back so far in our church history as to suggest the belief that, breathed by inspired lips, they once woke the echoes of Olivet.

The encampment embraced a green and shaded slope; and the white canvass in the level sunlight “showed like a fleet becalmed.” At the lower edge of the tented circle, between two giant elms, that drooped their long arms over it as in benediction, stood a rude pulpit. The choral hymn was hushed into the solitary voice of prayer; and the suppliant, as he writhed with extended hands, seemed wrestling with a present divinity. He was a man probably of thirty years of age, though so pale and emaciated with discipline that his appearance would have justified a much longer term. His eye was unsettled and wildly bright; and his hair, already seared by an untimely Autumn, hung loosely almost to his shoulders. He was one crucified to the world, its interests, and its pleasures; and with fasting and prayer

waited for the coming of the Son of Man. The lamp of life was burning dimly ; his long night of watching was almost over ; and, haggard and sleepless, his complaint was, " why tarrieth the morning ? "

The deep tones of his voice, responded to by the penitential murmurs of the worshippers, low and sepulchral as the echoes of a churchyard, at length ceased, and the different groups arranged themselves for the sermon. There they sat, each family at the entrance of its tent—the gray-haired sire and the curly-pated urchin, the withered matron and the blooming maiden, all hushed in reverent attention, to hear, not without trembling, of " righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." The effect was imposing. It needed but the stacked muskets and the armed sentinel, and I, a gay cavalier, had stumbled upon the secret sanctuary of a persecuted Kirk.

O D E

FOR THE MEETINGS OF THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND,

JANUARY 3, 1844.

By Horace Greeley.

I

OH, glad was the morning when FREEDOM awoke
From her slumber of ages in darkness and chains,
On her eyelids long sealed the Day's beams clearly broke,
And the warm gush of life-blood rekindled her veins:
Before her lay Earth in its tyrants' strong grasp;
In stupor and sloth Man was listlessly dreaming;
Despairing that Time should his fetters unclasp,
Or rend the black ensigns now over him streaming.

II

At the sound of her voice, at her clarion's call,
The heart of the Nations intensely was stirred;
Hope breathed in the cottage—Joy festooned the hall,
And glimpses of Eden flashed out at the word.

All vainly scowled down from their moss-mantled towers
Fierce Tyranny's minions in serried array ;
At the boom of their guns not a heart meanly cowers,
Not a rank from her standard is melted away.

III

No, they leap at the summons, the noble and true !
They rise in their pride at the rockets' upsoaring ;
They rush to the combat, where, fair on the view,
Over hill-top and river their foemen are pouring :
On MORAT's high plateau—at NASELY's red plain—
On BUNKER's low summit--by YORKTOWN's broad river,
They grapple the death-bolts, blood pouring like rain,
Till the tyrant and minion are prostrate for ever !

IV

Yet nobler, far nobler, the task of their sons,
By the noontide of Freedom benignly surrounded,
No more to shake earth by the roar of their guns,
Nor drench her parched soil with the gore of the
wounded :
The red blades of despots indignantly spurning,
They wield not the weapons of Passion and Crime ;
Their triumphs are marked by no nations in mourning ;
No heart-breaking shriek mars their chorus sublime.

V

Their armor is Justice, their trust is in HEAVEN ;
Their warfare with Error, Oppression and Wrong ;

No red car of Battle o'er victims is driven,
But the wretched are solaced, the weak are made
strong.
By myriads they gather, the firm and high-hearted ;
In Manhood's calm strength they all peril despise ;
And Tyranny knows that its reign has departed
By the soul that looks out from the glance of their eyes.

So tearless their triumphs, so blessing and blest,
No widows bewailing, no orphans deploring,
They shall circle the globe from the East to the West,
Still to gladness and hope the crushed millions re-
storing.
On the trail of their legions no ashes are seen,
No captive is shackled, no slave bends the knee ;
All Earth's be the joy, hers the vesture of green,
But the glory, oh ERIN ! shall linger with thee.

TO A WILD ROSE,

GROWING AMONG THE ROCKS ON SECONNET POINT.

By Mrs. Lucia E. Brownell.

FAIR ROSE, why didst thou seek the breast
Of such a chilly stone,
For thy abiding place of rest,
To shed thy sweets upon ?
Why choose a rock so cold and bare,
And swept by Ocean's wildest air ?

Thou mind'st me of some gentle one,
Whose kindness meets return
By cold neglect or sullen frown,
Or looks morose and stern—
Whose heart is withering on a shrine
As senseless and as cold as thine.

Thou might'st, if I had passed thee by,
Have perished in the storm,
When fierce winds drove the surges high—
Or, with thy slender form,

Some mermaid might have decked her hair
Nor scorned an earthly wreath to wear.

But better is it, fairy Rose,
 Since in this lonely spot
The fragrance that thy leaves disclose
 Is known or valued not —
That I should pluck thee from thy stalk,
A frail memorial of my walk.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

By William Henry Burleigh.

MEN say that thou art dead, and o'er thy breast
The shroud is folded and the grave-sod pressed ;
That the rich voice, whose modulated words
Could thrill, like music, all the spirit's chords,
No more can bear the messages of love
Sent down to sinful man from GOD above,
Nor pour, in righteous indignation strong,
Rebuke on pampered power, entrenched in wrong,
Nor, clearest heard amid the moral fight,
Plead with bold utterance for the true and right ;
For on those lips, baptized with heavenly fire,
Whose tones were like the breathings of a lyre,
Strong Death hath set his signet : that the light
Of thy dark eye, from whose depths, clear and bright,
The soul looked out in love, and often told
By one brief glance its meanings manifold,
Blesses the earth no more, for ever hid
Beneath the drooping of the heavy lid.

Dead ! art thou dead ? Alas ! dear friend, I hear
The solemn tidings with reluctant ear ;
And my stunned sense no ready credence gives
To the sad tale—" Thy friend no longer lives !"
For, oh ! if Love can hold the fleeting breath,
If Virtue can turn back the shafts of Death,
If purest thoughts, that never knew a stain,
If heavenly graces, cherished not in vain,
If these, and more than these, have power to save,
Oh, friend beloved ! thou art not in the grave !
If these the fluttering spirit could retain,
Death over thee would shake his dart in vain !
But, woe for us who loved thee ! Death is blind
To heavenly graces, and to gifts of mind ;
The pure in heart, the foul with cherished crime,
The grovelling spirit, and the soul sublime,
The proud oppressor, and the humble poor,
The friend of virtue, and the evil-doer,
The fearless champion of Right, whose tongue
Pours stern rebuke upon the hosts of Wrong—
And the base servile, crouching lowly down
In piteous terror at a tyrant's frown—
With fatal certainty thine arrows strike,
And all, oh Death ! confess thy power alike !

And thou art with the dead ? My heart is slow
To grasp the anguish of this added woe ;
To feel that one whose feet so oft have trod
With mine the pathway to the house of God,
And from whose lips persuasive eloquence

Like heavenly music thrilled my soul and sense,
No more shall greet me when the morn distils
Its golden light upon the kindling hills ;
Or when, serenely from its throne afar,
Looks over earth the Evening's loveliest star !
No more, dear friend ! together shall we pore
O'er Nature's volume, with its mystic lore ;
Nor the dim labyrinths of the forest thrid,
To gather wild-flowers in its alleys hid ;
Nor, with more venturous footstep, slowly climb
The mural battlements that tower sublime,
Crowned with green woods, and throw their shadows
wide

O'er dark Monongahela's turbid tide,
Where, with impetuous force, she hastes to greet
The crystal Alleghany. Oh ! as meet
Those sister streams, and mingle wave with wave,
So met our souls, so mingled. But the grave
Divides us now. Alas ! and can it be ?
Doth not thy spirit linger still with me ?
In the faint wind that by my casement sighs,
While thus I call, I hear thy low replies,
And the dim starlight on my brow the while
Seems like the soft reflection of thy smile.
Thy vision, freed from all that filmed it here,
Drinks in the glories of a purer sphere ;
Yet turns in love to friends who linger yet
To mourn thy absence with a vain regret ;
For the dark shadows that between us roll,
Are clear as sunlight to thy ransomed soul ;

And still, though dwelling with the saints above,
Thou art to us a messenger of love ;
And still, as here, thy prayers for us are poured,
In CHRIST's dear name, before our Sovereign Lord !

Thou art not dead ! Our sorrow does thee wrong,
Oh, crowned and sceptred spirit ! Mid the throng
Whose golden harps are vocal with the hymn
Chanted by ranks of burning seraphim,
Henceforth shalt thou be found, to walk with them
The bright streets of the New Jerusalem !
The hope, which gladdened all thy life below
With gleams of Heaven, is full fruition now ;
The strife with sin, temptation, strife, is done ;
Death is subdued—the final victory won ;
And thou art called from labor to reward,
Thrice blessed ! to dwell for ever with the LORD !

Then be it ours—although we weep to miss
Thy voice of music from a world like this—
Through all life's change of joy and sorrow, deep
Within our hearts thy memory to keep ;
Like thee, unawed amid the moral fight,
Stand forth as champions of the perilled Right ;
Tear with bold hand the mask from Crime away,
And on Oppression flash the light of day ;
Like thee to lay the fearless faith of Youth,
And Manhood's strength, upon thine altar, Truth !
And dare to combat, with a single hand,
The legioned Lies that walk through all the land ;

Lift up our trumpet-warning, clear and strong,
And from his throne strike down the sceptred Wrong !
Like thee to brighten all our path below,
By pouring blessings round us as we go ;
To hymns of gladness change the heart-breathed sigh,
And dry the tear within the mourner's eye ;
Kindle new hopes in breasts that long have been
Darkened by sorrow and oppressed by sin ;
And bid Heaven's light with meekest lustre shine,
Till our own souls become as white as thine,
And the whole earth is filled with radiance divine !

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON A MAGNOLIA LEAF, TO A LADY FROM
FLORIDA.

By Fay Robinson.

THERE is a spirit in each breathing flower,
Which speaketh to us, although with the ear
We hear it not; a voice distinct and clear—
A spell of mighty and of magic power,
To win for us the sweetest phantasies
Twined deeply with the sunniest memories!
And this, the offspring of the South's sweet bowers,
Where peerless beauty every forest dowers,
Will tell to thee a pleasing tale I know
Of hamoks, from whose deep and dim recess
Came perfumes, when the pleasant wind would blow,
So sweet DE LEON's islet of the blest
Seemed not to be an idle tale, but true
As aught our earth-born senses ever knew.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON SEEING A MAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

By Rev. Joseph H. Nichols.

AND have those silver locks been dark,
And have those vacant eyes been bright?
Those withered cheeks, did Youth's warm spark
Once kindle them with rosy light?
And hast thou loved as I now love,
And hast thou roved as I oft rove
The pensive woods, to tell the Night
And Moon my passion; or, when young,
As I, life's morning anthem sung?

“Oh yes! my locks were raven black,
My face was fresh and fair as thine;
And o'er my boyhood's flowery track
Love's garland rainbow hung divine;
A mother's eyes have watched my sleep,
A sister's song has made me weep,
And woman's beauty was my shrine:
But they are gone! and violets grow
Where sweeter blossoms fade below.

“ Yet I am happy, nor alone,
Companionless, walk I this world :
The winds, the floods, the thunder's tone,
When heaven's dark banners are unfurled,
Bring me a voice like some old friend's,
Whose strong affection never ends ;
For well, in Youth, when lightnings curled
Along the clouds, I watched their path,
And loved the Hand that woke their wrath.

“ Nor are those images lost quite
Which gladdened all my earlier hours :
I view them in the stars of night,
I view them in the Summer flowers.
Those viols sweet, those blessed airs
That fall from Heaven, at eve, are theirs ;
They come to charm me to their bowers,
And leave the holy white-haired band,
Last of their age upon the land.”

And fear'st thou not to die, lone man ?
'Tis terrible for young or old,
The last, the parting hour to scan—
To think these limbs shall soon grow cold,
And friends shall kiss the marble brow
And we nor face nor voice shall know,
'Tis awful ! How canst thou be bold,
While Death stands touching thy worn clay,
And grimly beckons thee away ?

“ These thoughts to me no horror wear :

I see a youthful angel king,
With golden crown and golden hair,
Holding a sceptre blossoming
With amaranth, whose breath anoints
The air with perfume, while it points
Up to a glorious, glittering ring
Of spirits seated in the skies,
Mild beaming with their thoughtful eyes.

“ I neither long to live nor die ;

Come when Death will, I am prepared :
’Twere base that he should terrify
A mortal he, till now, has spared.
The old green groves and I were born
Together on the same bright morn,
And I would have no other bard
Than their leaves’ music to bemoan
Him whom a hundred years have known.”

Then sweetly may their wild dirge swell,

Gray relic of the long-gone time !
Yet when I hear the funeral bell
Toll deep for thee its parting chime,
And thou shalt sink to slumber where
The hour-lived babe with death-grown hair
Lies shadowless in its dark clime,
Forgive me, should I drop a tear,
And say, a century sleeps here.

THE VETERAN.

By C. W. Everest.

I MARKED him, mid the household train ;
'Twas Winter's rule of blight :
But Gladness led her jocund reign
Around the hearth at night !
And Pleasure, in that old man's eye,
Would cheering glee impart ;
For Joy's bright sunshine seemed to lie
All tranquil o'er his heart !

He told old tales of days ago,
How erst a Nation's might
Girt the red sword of battle on,
For Freedom and for Right :
And he had stood in Danger's path,
When fierce the contest grew ;
Where the cannon spoke its sulphury wrath,
And thick the death shots flew !

And when the crimsoned strife was o'er—
War smoothed her visage grim—
Then wild, from Freedom's farthest shore,
Arose their triumph-hymn :
And the old man's heart, with a patriot's pride,
Would swell as he told it o'er,
When he thought how his brave companions died,
And the green earth drank their gore !

I marked him mid a careless throng,
Where Childhood's laugh rung high ;
And the old man smiled to hear the song
Of gay ones bounding by :
But I saw how he strove with a gathering gloom,
And I saw that his eye had wept
For his Memory roved by a grassy tomb,
Where his loved companion slept !

I marked him on the day of God ;
The church-bells called to prayer :
With a cheerful step the veteran trod,
To lay his offering there !
And I knew by the smile on his furrowed brow,
When his hymn of praise was given,
That his heart had forgotten its cares below,
And his treasure was laid in Heaven !

But Time passed on in silent course—
'Twas Summer's golden reign :

How meet that the reapers should hasten forth,
To gather the ripened grain !
An angel came, with a muffled tread,
And a smile in his glorious eye ;
And the old man bowed his reverend head,
And laid him down to die !

THE IDEAL.

By William James Hamersley.

"It must be so,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire?"

How intensely beautiful the night! The air is perfumed with the fragrance of Summer sweets, and musical with the subdued tones of Summer harmony. The stars glow with delight. The moon moves in her queenly path, with calm and majestic grace. The trees, instinct with new life, turn their leaves to catch the pure breath of the gentle winds. The brook murmurs its simple utterance of joy; and the music of the spheres, and "the voices of the night," and the hearts of men, all blend in delightful sympathy.

What more then? Does man now feel *no* want? Is his cup of joy full? Is the circle of his felicity complete? Not so: the influences that surround and bless him do but enlarge his desires, and plume the wings of his soul. He feels that there is now dimly revealed to him a glimpse of that "peace which passeth all under-

standing;" that he is encompassed by teachers, whose mission is to prepare him, by subtle instructions, for perfect harmony, and uninterrupted love, and undefinable happiness, and scenes that shall fill and satisfy the longing heart, and purify and perfect the spiritual nature.

Behold the lovers' trysting place! The strong and manly sues; the fair and lovely blushes her consent; the mutual troth is plighted, and the lovers' vows are registered; a gallant form bends o'er the future bride, and on the youthful face the smile of unchecked joy sparkles through tears of gushing tenderness. The romance of life is at its height. Hearts are melting into one. The fires of love burn, but destroy not; and a thrill of delight trembles through every nerve and fibre.

Yet, at this point of human happiness, to which the young look with trembling hope, and which the oldest remember with interest; dwelling as the lovers are, for a brief moment, in this earthly paradise; a whispering voice comes from their inner souls, speaking in low, mysterious, yet hopeful tones, of a more glorious union, of purer attachments, of less selfish affection, of love dissociated from all earthly companionship, purer than the fleecy clouds, and brighter than the garments of the sun.

Let us reverently gaze upon the quiet scene around the household hearth. The white-haired grandsire, lost in thought, gazes with the outer eye upon the glowing embers. With folded hands and drooping head, the stately matron sits. Their child, the prattler of their younger years, but now a wife and mother, bends above the babe that nestles in her bosom. On each side, is

calm and still as if they never knew the joyous sports of youth, a child is seen. The old man has closed the Holy Book, and offered up the evening prayer; and now a silence reigns, more eloquent than any human supplication; and even the tender infant, who, with its trustful eyes bent on its mother's face, speaks the undisguised language of the heart, bears in that little heart (as the rose-bud in its folds the undeveloped fragrance,) the germs of that feeling, which makes the maternal bosom the beautiful symbol of a holier sustaining power.

An undefined hope, a holy calm, visits the family group, subjects old and young to its peaceful sway, and, with a shadowy tracing, half unfolds a future that cannot be described.

But why multiply illustrations? While yet the world was young, holy prophets, with inspired pens, wrote the *words* of GOD in THE BOOK.

But before this record was penned, there were, in the *works* of Him who made us, prophets whose power was not unknown to humanity. They looked through the stars; they came with the circling seasons; and surrounded the sons of earth, unseen, but potent.

Within him, man also bears a prophetic spirit—his angel, the strengthener of his hopes, the awakener of his inspiration. These primeval prophets became co-workers with their later brethren; and ever and anon, the voices of GOD, of NATURE, and of MAN, combine and blend in harmonious unity.

“Believest thou the Prophets? I *know* that thou believest.” The faith that comes from our own heart,

from Nature's teachings, and the word of God are all related to the Ideal. There is a moral in our "pleasing hopes" and "fond desires;" there is a moral that glows on the frontlet, and flashes from the eyes, and gleams from the breastplate, and radiates from the whole form of the great IDEAL.

Brother! God grant that you and I may read and learn it well!

HARTFORD, Connecticut.

THE TWO DREAMS OF MOHAMMED.

By Roswell Park.

MOHAMMED dreamed—in his slumbers lone,
In a secret, sombre cave,
O'er-arched with the white stalactite stone,
And its mouth with the Cactus overgrown,
By the Red Sea's sparkling wave.
Soft and solemn was the moan
Which the rippling waters gave.

He dreamed that he saw, on the pall of night,
A new and glorious star,
Uprisen with majestic might,
And shining with a heavenly light
From its tranquil home afar.
It seemed to the dreamer's ravished sight
A celestial avatar.

And he watched its course till a crescent flame
Shone on his startled eye,

With a lurid, baleful blaze it came,
Climbing the orient's vaulted frame,
And illuming half the sky;
The harbinger of a dreaded name,
Betokening wonders nigh.

He shuddered then, with a sense of fear,
And vainly strove to flee;
Till a hollow voice he seemed to hear,
Which faintly whispered in his ear,
"That Crescent is for thee."
The dreamer woke. No voice was near,
But the moaning of the sea.

Twelve years elapse, and an arméd band
Rush from Medina's gate :
With sword and spear, and torch and brand,
A phalanx trained to stern command,
Their leader's voice they wait ;
And a Crescent banner in his hand
Controls their willing fate.

O'er fields of danger, toil, and blood,
That banner led the way :
And pressing onward like a flood,
The foemen's onsets it withstood,
With onsets fierce as they.
"Allah il Allah ; God is good !"
They shout as they seize their prey.

They push their conquests East and West,
Beneath that potent sign ;
Arabia nods at his behest,
And the warlike leader stands confessed,
A prophet all divine.
A glow of rapture fills his breast,
As "the world," he cries, "is mine!"

The scene is changed. In a curtained room,
On a gorgeous brodered bed,
Beneath a canopy's gilded gloom,
'Mid the fragrant breath of the rose's bloom,
The Prophet rests his head,
And he feels that it is his hour of doom,
With a summons to the dead.

Again he sleeps ; again he dreams ;
And upward turns his eyes ;
Fading the light of the Crescent seems,
Till anon it falls, with fitful gleams,
Down headlong from the skies ;
While o'er the wreck, the radiant beams
Of the Star of Bethlehem rise.

With a fearful start, MOHAMMED woke,
And yelled a fearful yell !
He knew that the hollow voice which spoke,

In the cave of old, and his slumbers broke,
Was a tempting imp of hell !
One dying groan—a ghastly look—
And he bade the world farewell !

POMFRET, June, 1844.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

By Spencer Morton Clark.

GONE from the blue untrampled depths of sky !
Fallen to slumber in oblivion's night !
Are those sweet sounds which softly floated by
No longer swelling through the halls of night ?
And yet none heard it ! For the living tongues
That fill the air, ne'er told thy tale of fear ;
And thy pure song the sister stars among,
Was bound by silence ere it wandered here.

Yet still amid the glorious choir of Heaven,
The same glad sounds ring out upon the air ;
The same low tones from seraph hymns are given,
In those far halls as when the lost was there ;
Still does the same star-banner of the skies
Wave proudly o'er us in the unknown blue ;
From those high shrines the same pure incense flies,
As once, from thy bright censer, upward flew.

Where art thou now, bright star ? In skies more fair,
Wandering to music in a path of light ?

Or, roaming darkly through the trackless air,
Thy bright brow girded with the gloom of night ?
Oh ! may it be that in the depths unknown,
Of yon majestic Heaven, thou still art free,
Floating unshadowed o'er Night's mighty throne—
A light unchanging on the sky's blue sea !

And wast thou freighted with a race like ours,
When from the sky thy light was blotted out ?
Did happy souls make glad thy golden bowers,
And swell the music thy fair halls about ?
Oh ! then boast not of thrones, or sceptred ones,
When thus a world has vanished from afar !
And yon bright heaven with its uncounted suns,
Is not less glorious for one vanished star !

OUR FATHERS.

By Payne Kenyon Kilbourn.

“Your Fathers, where are they?”

I.

A LAY for the heroes who fought
On the fields of our freedom and glory;
Oh! long shall their children be taught
To remember and cherish the story;
Death withers the coronal-flowers of the brave,
But the deeds of the just blossom sweet o'er the grave.

II.

Oh, not like the panoplied knight,
War-proof in his vestments of steel,
Went they forth to the perilous fight,
At God's and their Country's appeal;
Unbelted, unplumed—in their home-spun array,
They marched, fought, and conquered, and came back
to pray.

III.

But the thunders of battle are hushed ;
The day of their peril is o'er ;
Though armies may rush as they rushed,
They will join in the combat no more.
The war trump may sound—they will heed not the call,
For the sods of the valley have covered them all!

IV.

A wail for that true-hearted band,
So dauntless in council and fray !
When dissensions are rife in the land,
We miss them, and ask, "Where are they?"
The elements rage, and the whirlwind is nigh,
Can our fathers look down from their mansions on high?

V.

They hated oppression and wrong,
And o'er surges of slaughter they trod ;
Though weak, they resisted the strong,
And looked for their triumph to God !
Too feeble in numbers, yet mighty in prayer,
They rolled back the tide—for HE fought with them
there !

VI.

Oh, blush ye, my country! if they,

Who died for thy welfare and fame,
From the Halls of the Just can survey,
Thy deeds of dishonor and shame!
Blush ye! that your crimes are recorded in Heaven,
And repent, as in sackcloth, till all are forgiven.

VII.

A lay for the loved ones of old,
Whose smiles lit the path of the brave!
Some have mingled their dust with the mould,
Some sleep their last sleep 'neath the wave!
Their roses have withered, their fair forms decayed,
But the glorified spirit—it never shall fade.

VIII.

Ah, once they were blooming and young—
They were lovely in feature and form,
And the rude poet-soldier hath sung
Of their charms, 'mid the wild battle-storm.
Yet all have departed—bard, maiden, and lover—
And life, with its loves, hopes, and conflicts, is over.

HARTFORD, April, 1844.

L' E N V O I.

TO MISS ELIZABETH R. N****.

By H. W. Rockwell

COULD'ST thou look forth amid the noise and smoke
Of the great mart upon these aged woods,
From whose high bluffs of pine thou oft hast caught
Full many a glimpse of hazy meadow-land,
And hollow filled with sunshine, thou would'st think
Less of the world and its vain mockeries,
And love that more from which thou hast received
That blissful quietude, and perfect peace,
Which taketh off from life the weary weight
Of misery and bondage. Here thy ear
Was never filled with tumult, nor thy heart
Made thoughtless by that show of vanity
Which passeth with the crowd for happiness :
But in that purity and quietude
Which seemed to sanctify each leafy nook
And ravine of the forest, thou did'st see
Some cause for joy, some reason why thy heart

Should grow as peaceful as the mossy woods
And rocks around thee. Nor can I believe
That these intelligible forms have grown
Less worthy of thy love, although thine eye
Hath long since lost them amid piles of brick
And crowded thoroughfares. That blessed mood
Which steals upon us when we least expect
Its quiet influences, and so imbues
The spirit with a sense of loveliness
That we seem one with Nature ; that serene
And elevated joy which dwells amid
The sanctity of venerable woods,
And wheresoever the sweet wind blows from caves
Roofed o'er with emerald ;—these, if I err not,
Have left upon thy life a blessedness,
And a diviner beauty which is grown
Inseparable from thy purest thought,
And brightens o'er thy face, whose rose-like bloom
Foretells Love's reddening morning.

If this be

The secret of thy happiness, how oft
Amid the city's tumult hast thou sighed
For these green bluffs of mossy mountain-land,
Amid whose sweet seclusion thy young heart
Drew forth from Nature all ennobling aims,
All generous impulses, and whatsoe'er
Hath given thy life its pleasant moods of thought,
And happy romance. Nor when thou dost come
Once more amid these aisles of evergreen,

Shalt thou be less the laughter-loving girl
That thou wast long ago, when through these groves,
With crimson cheeks, and bonnet backward thrown,
Thy small feet twinkled in the soft thick grass,
And sprouting wintergreen.

This nook of pine,
Beneath whose rustling screen the winter-drift
Lies white as ivory, still shows its banks
Of glossy myrtle, and the sapphire sky
Of changeful March that shines between this huge
Gray ceiling overhead, is still as pure,
And prodigal of sunshine. Yellow leaves
Are here amid the knolls, and here are tracks
Of little snow-birds 'neath the leafless beech,
And prints of squirrels leading amid bark
And fallen pine-cones, o'er yon long white logs
That bridge the bush-screened hollow. From the clefts
Of yonder hemlock, whose huge body lies
Capped with a ridge of silver, rounded tufts
Of bright green wood-moss twinkle, and his sides
Wet with the melting snow that drips aloof,
Gleams in the blaze of noontide. How the wind
Moans in this sturdy cedar, through whose roof
Of venerable boughs the timid light
Is scarce let in ! Now from its deep rich gloom
Of rustling foliage, the glossy crow
Sails through the golden sunshine to his perch
Upon the crooked pine-top, o'er whose cone
Of dark red limbs, and plumes of emerald,

The wood-hawk, whiter than the drifting cloud,
Floats 'mid the deep rich sapphire. Noiselessly
The brook wells in the loose black earth below,
Upon whose barky mould, 'mid soft thick tufts
Of brightening grass, and prints of cattle, springs
The wild blue violet. All is happiness
And fixed tranquility, yet all shall change
Into a softer mood of loveliness,
Ere Summer shades the silver of the brook,
With fern and leaning roses, or thy feet
Peeping from under thy loose dress, are seen
Bounding like spots of snow across the soft
Green moss of these cool hollows. Then beneath
These daisy-covered caves, thy hand once more
Shall part the thick green boughs that sweep the grass,
And from their lifted screen of dancing leaves,
Thy face, made ruddy by the heat, shall smile
Amid the golden twilight. Nor shalt thou
Come back with withered feelings, or as if
Thou hadst found something happier than the love
That thou hast borne for Nature. She, amid
This venerable pomp of waving wood,
And blooming mountain land, shall fill thy cheek
With beauty born of the sweet Summer wind
And golden sunshine; nor shall she be less
The giver of all sweet and happy thoughts,
All peaceful influences, and whatsoe'er
Can add a virtue to thy moral being.

MARCH, 1844.

THE WREN.

By George Shepard Burleigh.

IN the twilight of the morning,
Ere the infant Day was strong,
To the Poet's little window
Came a gush of joyous song;
Here or there it seemed it was not,
For it came from every where,
Thrilling as it it were uttered
By the circumambient air.

Though the Robin sang his matin
O'er the budding walnut tree,
And the many birds were quiring
All around as glad as he;
In the spirit entered only
That diviner burst of praise,
As the earth, like charmed Memnon,
Answered to the warming rays.

Needs must then the viewless spirit
Of the lingering breeze rejoice,

While with more than syren sweetness
Sang that universal Voice ;
Needs must he be still and wonder,
At the clear and joyous thrill,
Uttered from the tongueless Silence
Brooding over vale and hill.

Looking from his little window
Saw the Bard a tiny Wren,
On the low wall of the garden
Sitting where her nest had been ;
Then he knew the living fountain
Of that gushing flood of song,
And his spirit held him musing
On the merry creature long.

Marvelled he that one so humble,
And so little ken'd as she,
Yet could charm the ear of Morning,
With so great a melody ;
While the Hawks and mighty Eagles,
Lords and regents of the sky—
Harsh and cruel and unlovely,
Gave their terror-sending cry.

Marvelled he that one so gifted
Loved the humbler paths of earth,
While the proud and stern were claiming
Nobler dowers and heavenlier birth ;
But there came a voice of wisdom,
Heard within the soul alone,

'Twas the Bard's attendant genius
Speaking to her chosen son :

“ Poet, in thy simple chamber,
Least and humblest among men,
Learn a high and truthful lesson
Of the unambitious Wren—
Know that greatness is not goodness,
And the great are not the pure ;
That the meekness of the gentle,
Hath its boon of pleasure sure ;

“ That the lay which most delighteth
Is the music of the Heart,
Uttered movingly and earnest,
Fraught with life in every part ;
That the simple song of Nature,
Chaunted in her tender strain,
Stirs the soul with sweet impulses
To reëcho them again ;

“ And for greatness sigh no longer,
But, with calm eye fixed above,
Sing and *live* thy glorious poem
In unstudied TRUTH and LOVE ! ”
Ceased the song and ceased the spirit,
But her words within were sown,
And a high and trustful being,
From that precious seed hath grown.



SLOUGH CHURCH.



SLOUGH CHURCH.

THE PLACE WHERE GRAY COMPOSED "HIS ELEGY IN
A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD."

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

By the traveller in foreign lands, the castle and the palace are sure to be visited and admired. The birth-places of ancient nobility, or the abodes of living royalty must, of course, be explored. The lordly mansion where the king-maker dwelt of old—the ruin that re-echoed to the revels of LEICESTER and his sovereign—the towers overshadowed by the gorgeous banner of England, where its young queen and the royal nurslings repose—must not be overlooked by those who would escape the wondering and reproachful interrogatories of the curious at home.

Yet, now and then, some humble nook, treasures for the heart far richer reminiscences. The shaded seat where ADDISON composed his hallowed hymn, the "Dove's Nest"—where HEMANS solaced her wounded spirit with the balm of song—the pilgrim-haunted cot-

tage at Rydal-Mount—stir the fountain of thrilling associations.

Deeply and unutterably were these emotions awakened amid the sequestered scene where GRAY wrote that touching Elegy, which finds an echo in every bosom. The bright rain drops of an April morning hung heavy upon the drooping branches, and the slender p'ants that crept among the mossy grave-stones, as, surfeited with the magnificence of Windsor Castle, we approached the hallowed spot. Notes of nestling birds floated among the

“——— rugged elms, and yew-trees' shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Where each in narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

The lowly, antique Church, within whose walls the villagers had heard of God, was dearer to the musing spirit than the imposing towers of Eton College, which had inspired the statelier numbers of the poet. He seemed to pass before us, as when, pale from the studious cloisters of Cambridge, he sought, as he often did, relaxation and refreshment from learned toils, amid these rural shades. Methought we still saw him, as when

“——— at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
Which wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide he would stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.”

In t'is quiet church-yard, “graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn,” is an inscription from his hand, to the memory of a beloved aunt and mother, recording

that "the first died unmarried, and the other, having shown the most tender offices of love to many children, one only of whom, had the unhappiness to survive her."

At a short distance is his own lofty monument, on which are engraven, in large characters, stanzas from his Elegy. It is erected in ornamented grounds, belonging to the RENN family, who keep them open for visitants and strangers. Their own pleasant mansion is seen, through embowering trees, where GRAY was wont to pass a part of the Summer months, with an endeared relative. In its vicinity is the grave of WILLIAM PENN, severe in its simplicity, and marked only by a mound of earth. And then, memories of that plain-garbed, firm-souled man, who crossed the ocean to bear the spirit of peace, and found our beautiful city of brotherly love, mingled with those of the classic, pensive, picturesque poet, whose Elegy, standing as we did, in its secluded birth-place, we felt would be read and loved, as long as the "still, sad music of humanity, shall vibrate through the hearts of men."

GOOD NIGHT.

By Franklin Joseph Otterson.

GOOD NIGHT! good night! the solemn bell
Hath slowly chimed its midnight warning,
Far o'er the East its echoes swell,
As if to meet the flush of morning;
The God of Sleep, with potent finger,
Hath sealed the eyes of every mortal,
And I alone a moment linger,
To say good night! then pass his portal.

Good night! good night, to all the earth!
To every joy and every sorrow;
Good night! to all of mortal birth;
May angels guard them till the morrow.
If, hapless, I have injured any,
I urge the plea of human weakness;
What I have suffered from the many,
Forgive, forget, or bear with meekness.

Great world of struggling life, good night!
Good night! ye proud, and poor, and weary;

Farewell! thou silver, soft moonlight;
Good night to all, both sad and cheery.
Good night! good night, to rhyming numbers!
Farewell, ye stars, so purely bright!
FATHER! to Thee, whose eye ne'er slumbers,
I yield my soul. Good night! good night!

NEW YORK, Nov. 1844.

TO MY MOTHER.

By G. G. Foster.

MOTHER ! far climes and wildernesses wide
Sever me from my birth-place—yet my heart,
O'ergrown like these uncultivated wastes,
With rank and thrifty weeds, that mock the eye
Of weary traveller with hope of verdure, holds
In the deep bosom of its secret shades,
A fountain full of tenderness for thee.
Friends have been riven from out my heart of hearts ;
Love has grown cold upon the fire it lighted ;
Hopes have been blasted by the wind that bore
Their blossoming fragrance to the heavens ; and storms,
Fiercer than tropic thunder-gusts, have swept
The garden of my thoughts into the gulf
Of maddened desolation ; yet, for thee,
In the still holiness of twilight's hour,
When comes each spirit-star to woo the night,
And the queen Moon goes up unto her throne—
I steal to some lone spot ; and, while the wind
Floats softly o'er my fevered temples, deem

'Tis thy fond breathing ; and my soul goes back
To merry days and happy nights, when thou
Thy watch wert keeping o'er my sinless years.
Ah, mother ! many a wound, and wide and deep,
Thy noble breast hath suffered for my sake ;
And many a disappointed hope lies crushed
Beneath the fragments of thy quenchless love.
No more the sparkling of my tameless eye
Thrills to thy heart with its wild eloquence ;
No more the melody of my young voice
Quenches thy thirst of love, which drank it in,
And treasured it as something to repay
Those anguished hours which mothers only know.

Yet still I love thee ; and the grosser earth
That chokes up other springs which once o'erflowed,
Hath concentrated, in that love for thee—
That worship which proud spirits love to pay
To aught above them—all affection's wealth
Into one intense passion, which comes out,
When slumber the tired sentinels of my thought,
And keeps its vigils in the holy silence.

FEELING.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

By Joseph Wm. Bennett.

IN ancient times the valiant knight
Who pledged his love through vizor-bar,
With charger saddled for the fight,
Or castle closed for coming war,

Not more for danger stood prepared,
For open foes, or midnight stealing,
Than we of carpet days keep guard
O'er every thing that looks like feeling.

And doubt and prudence draw the veil,
O'er tell-tale lips and laughing eyes;
And harsh formalities assail
The dictates sent us from the skies:

While hands, that friendship should have twined,
In gloves of mail are sternly greeting;

And hearts, one generous look had joined,
Seem icebergs on an ocean meeting

My ban upon the gloomy knave
Who traced to mire affection's springs;
He blasted with the light he gave
And gathered roses for their stings.

Congealed to philosophic stone,
Say what has life the heart to cherish?
It stands on Alpine crags alone,
Amid eternal snows to perish!

The reptile in his rock secure,
In darkness sleeps his thousand years;
While things more transient, loved, and pure,
Are sunned in hope and washed in tears.

The stoic, like an untouched lute,
May petrify to age unripen;
While hearts too feeling to be mute
Ring sweetly, break, and pass to Heaven.

Imprisoned on the torpid seas,
For storm and wave the sailor cries,
Invokes the biting Arctic breeze,
Or whirlwind thundering down the skies.

Thus souls ennobled rather dare
A withering moment of distress,
Than smother every joy and care,
And couch in mouldering nothingness.

Dear lady ! scorn the callous creed ;
Let gentler views your course control ;
Better the pang that bids us bleed,
Than canker of a narrow soul !

Laugh, weep, my girl ! hope, fear, and love,
As honest Nature is thy teacher ;
And, spite of frigid maxims prove
That Virtue is no prudish creature

THE FAIRIES' LULLABY.

By Mary Elizabeth Fellowes.

REST, rest, wearied one !
O'er thy pillow of wild thyme,
Gently bends the whispering lime ;
Rest ! the day is done.

Rest, traveller lorn !
Elves below and stars above,
Keep alike their watch of love,
Till breaks the morn.

Rest ! through the darkened leaves
Now no more the fire-fly gleams ;
Rest, mortal, rest ! we charm thy dreams
From all that grieves.

Rest ! to-morrow's light
Shall bring thee home ; and voices blest,
When next the Evening bids thee rest,
Shall breathe "*Good Night.*"

A SONG OF HOPE.

By Nathaniel H. Eggleston.

“Dum spiro, spero.”
While there is Life there is Hope.

WHEN plods the stripling slowly to his school,
And frets beneath its stern unbending rule,
Why longs he Manhood's earliest hour to see?
Hope fondly whispers, he shall then be free.

And when at length is reached that Manhood's hour,
Though storm and darkness round his pathway lower,
And tempest-clouds on every side appear,
Hope still exclaims “thy sky shall yet be clear.”

And when, bowed down by grief and wasting care,
His heart can scarce its burdening sorrows bear;
Hope points him to the sun-illumined West,
And says “thy cares shall end in glorious rest.”

Or doth his soul, by gloomy sin opprest,
Sigh for the holy freedom of the blest?

Hope tells him with a gladsome beaming eye,
‘ Go D of love, a Heaven of peace are nigh.”

Oh, sacred Hope! aye sit thee near my side,
And through this world my pilgrim footsteps guide:
I'll meet Life's billows and its storms with thee:
“ Dum spiro, spero,” shall my motto be.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.

By Helen Maria Everest.

WHENCE are those strains? Come they from heavenly
lyres,

Swept lightly by some angel band ascending,
To join once more the sweet seraphic choirs;

Yet ere they rise with earth's dull music blending
Celestial harmonies? They die away,
Like the grove's music at the close of day.

Again they fall upon the listening ear,

And seem to rove upon the wandering wind;
Sure, happy spirits must be hovering near,
Who, from their treasured harmonies, unbind
Some glad strains of the songs the ransomed pour,
Amid the glories of the upper shore!

Again they melt away—those joyous strains,

That were so heavenly in their pleasing power,
Methinks some soul made free from mortal stains,
Has soared with them to seek their natal bower,
'Twas but a holy errand, to allure
Some lingering soul to heaven, by its own music pure.

Yet our weak hearts will grieve while angels joy
To bear the weary to their peaceful rest,
Where troubles never can the soul annoy ;
'Tis His most righteous will and kind behest,
Who lighted up Death's valley as He passed,
And o'er its shadows dim, a blessed radiance cast !

I would that music might with me remain,
That Memory should each hour those strains repeat ;
'Thus would Earth's syren voice allure in vain,
And Wisdom's ways become my safe retreat !
Bright were the visions wakened by that lay,
That sweetly said in song, or seemed to say—

“Oh, Earth is fair! but she hath lost the beauty of her
youth,
When the first pair in Eden stood, all trustfulness and
truth,
But brighter and more glorious our Eden realm above ;
Come with us to the Paradise of Beauty, Joy, and
Love.

“The flowers that bloom for ye are bright, but they
conceal the thorn,
Hope's glorious bow that gems your sky, of guilt and
woe is born ;
From piercing thorns our home is free—from sorrow,
gloom, and sin—
Come with us to the open gates, and enter freely in.

“Earth has its joys—but we full oft behold the falling
tear,
Kind messengers of comfort sent—yet few e’er deem us
near,
In our own bright abode and blest all tears are wiped
away,
Come with us to that peaceful rest, in realms of perfect
day.

“Earth hath its friendships sweet, and some have seemed
fit types of Heaven;
But soon, alas! the holiest bonds of earthly love are
riven;
Link after link by death they fall; we gather them
above;
Come, seek them in the Paradise of endless peace and
love.

“The harmonies of earth are sweet, but there’s an
under vein
Of sadness mingling in the flow of joy’s exultant strain;
But oh, how rapturous our songs, each hour more rap-
turous still!
Come, sing with us those anthems sweet, on Zion’s
sacred hill.”

ROMANCE.

By Augustus Snodgrass.

ENCHANTING Power ! whose wizard spell
The pensive heart enchains ;
That fill'st each lovely wood and dell
With legendary strains,
Conjured by thee, the ancient years
Roll down in misty shrouds,
With clang of arms and sheen of spears
And armies wrapt in clouds,
Whose lofty deeds and daring free
Live in immortal minstrelsy !

Thou art to me a glowing dream,
Thou, with thy votive train,
Begirt with arms which brightly gleam
With helmet and with chain.
Thou bear'st along a " ladye fayre "
Won from a giant's hand,
By daring deed and battle sair
In hostile Paynim land,

Whose eyes of love with light divine
Look wildly flaming into thine !

Thus of thy Courtesy and Love
Great ARIOSTO sang ;
How, wild on hill, in plain and grove,
Thy gleaming armor rang :
Of castles lost and castles ta'en
By thy strong hand and spear ;
Of Beauty wearing Love's bright chain,
Of Beauty's smile and leer,
And of the laurels won by thee
Green in his deathless minstrelsy !

By rivers old, by soft moonlight,
Thy mail-clad form was seen,
While fairies held their revels bright
Upon the dewy green,
Who brought from flowers a potent charm
Which should for ever prove
The prowess of their Hero's arm,
His mightiness in Love,
And make him Conqueror o'er all,
In battle-field and Beauty's hall !

And thou wast seen where hostile bands
In bloody warfare met ;
Where swords fell fast from palsied hands,
And Earth with blood was wet :

Where battle-shouts and dying groans,
And armor rattling high,
Mixed with the trumpet's clanging tones,
Discordant filled the sky ;
And like a Demon loosed from chains,
Ranged, wildly shouting, through the plains !

By gleamy watch-fires thou hast slept,
And dreamed of waving bowers,
Where Love her faithful vigils kept,
And told the creeping Hours ;
And roused to view the phantoms pale
Which come at dead midnight,
To mourn with lovely-sobbing wail,
And walk the fields of fight ;
Or started wild with flaming sword
As foeman's daring cry was heard !

Gay Fancy ! thus thou weav'st thy tale,
And cloth'st the past in shrouds,
Through whose dark folds gleam shadows pale,
Of armies wrapt in clouds ;
Whose deeds fall on the list'ning ear
Of fond believing Youth,
Who for thy strains of Love and Fear
Forsakes the realms of Truth,
To learn—whatever thou mayst seem—
Thou art an idly-foolish Dream !

REMINISCENCES.

By Jane R. Bulkley.

WOODMONT, lovely Woodmont ! With what freshness do all the associations connected with this place arise to the mind ! Its name calls up pleasing remembrances. Many a dear companion rises to my side, and

“ In fond Memory’s magic glass,”

I live over the scenes of the past. Again I am in the bosom of that dear family, “ whom to know was but to love.” I think of them as they were then, a lovely band. There was the sire of feeble frame and impaired health. Years and disease had thinned his locks, but “ the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness ;” and it was thus with him. Early consecrated to the Gospel ministry, he had, during a long life, endeavored to serve faithfully the cause of CHRIST and His Church. When in health, he had been the much loved Rector, or the diligent instructor of the “ sons of the Church.” His family was their home ; and that it was an endeared home, ample proof was constantly given. Frequently during my residence

there, did I have occasion to notice this. The newly consecrated would come to testify his gratitude to him, whose paternal care had guided his expanding mind, at the same time animating his youthful spirit with desires to become an under shepherd in the fold of CHRIST. Here, too, would come the more advanced in the ministry, testifying that increasing years and cares had failed to obliterate the deep-rooted attachment of their grateful hearts. When I saw one after another thus bearing evidence that the labors of the good man were not in vain, I thought how pleasant must be his reflections, that he had been an instrument of so much good. Yes, and I could see the deep, soul-felt expression of his dark eye, while he looked upon them as stars, which might hereafter sparkle in his crown of glory. I remember well the warm pressure of that hand, as we returned from the evening service, where one of these cherished ones had, for the first time before his venerable friend, ministered in the sacred desk. The rich, solemn tones of that youthful voice, fell melodiously on every ear, and penetrated to the heart. I saw the riveted gaze, the moistened eye of the aged saint; and most heartily could I respond to that pressure, as with an accent of gratified affection he said to me: "That is one of my boys; and he will be a minister of good to the souls of many." Yes, departed one! you have gone to your rest: and that much loved youth, faithful to his Master's service, is now unfurling the banner of the Cross in distant lands.

Very pleasant was our circle in that peaceful abode,

and the scenes which transpired there often come back to the mind with peculiar freshness. I sit again by that south window, and look out upon the beautiful undulations, so gracefully swelling with their pleasant woods. When I first looked upon them, their interlaced branches seemed to cling to each other for protection from the the storms of Winter. At night, the chill rain came trickling down those branches so still, so silently, we heeded it not; but when I rose and took my morning look at those towering trees, I saw that the ice-king had covered them with his robe, and hung coronal and spear on every branch. Again I looked, as the sun cast his bright beams upon them, and how dazzling was the sight! From every bough and twig of that extended grove were suspended glittering jewels; the diamond, the sapphire, the ruby, and the emerald, all were there, sparkling in splendor, showing the perfect skill with which an Almighty power can deck his works, and with a single touch spread over His vast realm a magnificence, which art, with its utmost powers, could never attain. I have seen, too, those woods, under the genial influence of spring, shake off the last vestige of Winter's reign, and expand their folded beauties until, in smiling June, they were arrayed in all their Summer loveliness; while around glided a rippling stream like a silver ribbon, clasping one of Nature's grand bouquets. Often have I wandered into those "woody aisles," and there gathered many a flowery treasure. I well remember the cold reception which I received from that limpid stream, when I first attempted to cross it, and I seem

even now to hear cousin MARY's gleeful laugh as I returned from this first attempt at botanizing, and showed her my dripping honors.

Cousin MARY; she was a favorite with us all. Disease had stamped its impress on her form, and she could not often ramble with us in our rural excursions. But we loved to bring to her the fairest of our wild flowers; for she was a child of Nature, and the sweet flowers were her loved companions. She had studied them with a botanist's eye, and as she studied, she delighted to trace in their delicate structure the perfect work of her Heavenly Father's hand. It is a long time since I have seen Cousin MARY. Her health required a warmer clime; and echoes from a distant harp of love inform us, that her rich voice is now softened by a matron's joys and cares, and that plants of immortality are gathering around her. May she be as skillful and successful in her care of them as she was with the forest treasures gathered in earlier days.

Again I am stationed at that east window, gazing on the overshadowing mountain, whose frowning brow forms a dark outline to the horizon, and gives a bold relief to the intervening scene. Often have I gazed there upon the roseate hues of the morning sky, and watched the rise of the glorious orb, whose brilliancy illuminated the high cliff, and darted beams of joyous light into the shadowy recesses of the valley. I have watched the dark cloud resting on those summits, while it discharged its terrific peal, and flashed its vivid flame, and after having uttered its solemn voice and ful-

filed its commission, I have seen its receding form spanned with the bright arch that whispers hope to the troubled heart.

But why do I gaze on those hills, as they rise to view in this magic mirror? I remember a visit made there. A dinner party was planned. It was to be composed of our little circle, who were always so happy together. And although some of our fashionable friends might be shocked at the rude appearance of the lumbering vehicle which served us on such occasions, yet it was just the thing for us; it would contain us all. And what matter if we had to sit a little closer, and be a little more crowded than usual? It was but the more emblematical of our clinging and ever-abiding friendship.

Our excursion was in the leafy, balmy month of June. The ride was over a sequestered road, beautiful in rich verdure; and the smiling meadows waved a glad welcome as we approached. Now we pass through a thicket, where the rays of the morning sun were just beginning to penetrate, dispelling the dew-drops which had lingered there, as the affectionate heart returning to its cherished ones would kiss away the tear which its absence had occasioned. Then comes the mountain; and, as it rises above us with its thickened forests, we know that we must leave our "conveyance," and tread with cautious feet the steep ascent. Upward and still upward we went, through brake, brier, and crag, till, having reached a "clearing" about half way up the side, we stopped to rest a while, and, seating ourselves

in little groups near to each other, indulged the full flow of social feelings.

"Ah! what is this new plant?" said that pale-faced one from the city, who had just begun to be interested in collecting botanical specimens. "Is not this something new?" But those who, at her call, have taken it with ungloved hands, know too well what it is; and while they experience its caustic touch, they fully agree that the nettle maintains the character of cruelty that FLORA gives it; and "young SOLOMON," who was one of the party, makes an excellent speech upon the cruel deception of many a fair appearance.

There sits a student recently arrived from College, with all his graduating honors thick upon him. He, too, has found a specimen, but of a different character; and with all due gravity on his brow, he gives the opinion of a learned Professor, that in a far distant age, this mountain was a volcano. It must be so, for he has just found a piece of lava.

"What did you call *that are* stone?" said JOHN, our worthy conductor. "A piece of lava." "A piece of larther! I don't know what you mean by larther, but I guess that ain't nothing but a crumbling stone."

I am inclined to think JOHN was right, but still I have often regretted we did not keep the "larther," and label it for our cabinet. It would at least have served as a memento of the excursion, and the learned might, on examination, have found it valuable.

After resting, we again commenced the ascent: having reached the highest peak, we spread our rural table;

and, seated around it, partook of our mountain repast. We spent the day amid the wild and beautiful scenery. Towns and villages were spread out in the prospect below us; but, far above the noise and confusion of man's abode, we breathed a purer atmosphere, and our hearts felt the influence. I need not describe the occurrences of the day. They were, indeed, interesting to us, and the remembrance of them is sweet. We then composed a happy group, and, separated as we now, are it is very pleasant to recall those scenes which arise with so much freshness.

One of our number on these excursions, was ELLEN, a laughing, loving maiden, with exuberance of spirit, and a countenance of that sun-bright cheerfulness, which reflects its own light to the hearts of others. She was always the life of our little circle, and was equally ready to hasten to the calls of benevolence and friendship. Just beyond the strip of woods was the cottage of the widow HARROWBY. She was one, who bore marks of having seen better days; but she had now grown infirm. Her husband had long since been gathered to his fathers. She had followed her children to the grave, all save one, and he in early life had left his home to "dare the dangerous wave." This course had been opposed by his friends, but the "deep blue sea," had charms for him, and he viewed a sailor's life in the mirage mirror of romance and poetry. He had been gone many years, and for sometime nothing had been heard from him. Misfortune had cast its withering frown on his lovely mother. Care and disease had

brought upon her the infirmities of premature old age. She loved the soft voice and young smile of ELLEN, whose kind heart delighted to cheer the solitary hour ; and almost daily might we see her light form gliding like a bright being of mercy through the woods, as they furnished a shorter path to the cottage and an opportunity of gathering the wild flowers which the widow loved. "These," she would say to ELLEN, "do so remind me of my dear SUSAN, who now lies beneath the willow tree in the green church-yard. Oh ! she was a darling child ;" and then would the mother pour into the sympathizing ear of ELLEN, the history of her little family. Each one had endearing qualities and the memorials from a mother's heart were always fresh and new. "But they are now all gone—all gone !" she would say ; "perhaps, however, GOD has been pleased to spare my GEORGE, but it has been a long time since I have heard from him, and I fear he too has joined the others. ELLEN, my dear, go to that drawer, and take the letter from that little box. It is the last I received from him." ELLEN would do as directed, and very frequently did she thus read over this letter. It was written as GEORGE was about to start for the East Indies. He had found a sailor's life but little as he expected. He pined for his own home and the society of his loved ones there. But he had entered upon a course of engagements, and, as soon as he had fulfilled them, he would hasten back from his wanderings. Then pouring out the warm emotions of filial love, he answered his mother that, if his life was spared, he should, ere long,

return to minister to her wants and wishes. For a long time he was expected, but still he came not; and the widow thought of him as of one of the departed. Then the reading again of this letter would spread its Iris hue over the future, and cheer with fond anticipations the desolate heart.

It is long since I have been in Woodmont, but I hear of many changes there; changes among my acquaintances and friends. Some have gone to distant lands. Many are sheltered in the bowers of wedded love; while the silent but impressive marble marks the resting place of others. I hear that the widow HARROWBY is now quite happy, for her son has returned; that he is laden with wealth amassed in India; that he is kind to all, noble-hearted, and truly the pride of the village; that he proposed removing his mother to a more costly residence, but the cottage was her home. It had been the home of her family, and she did not wish to leave it. So it has been fitted up very neatly, the grounds arranged with much taste, and it is the widow's cottage still; for although ELLEN is now mistress of the heart and wealth of that beloved son, yet she knows that age loves to call home its own, and she will not disappoint the fond anticipations of GEORGE, who felt that she would ever be kind and attentive to his mother.

While I should find changes in the social circle of Woodmont, I might find but few in its external appearance. The old church, which stood like a beacon light to guide the wanderer over life's rugged path, is now gone, and a neat little Gothic edifice is raised in its

stead. It is well that the place where our fathers worshipped should not lie waste ; yet, methinks I should miss that ancient house like an old friend.

But the rural beauties which surrounded the village still remain. There is the overhanging mountain, the deep, rich woods, where I so loved to ramble. And while those towering cliffs cast their shadows in the vale, or the waving trees shelter the little floweret, which springs at their root, Woodmont will be visited with delight by the lover of nature.

LITTLE MAY.

SUGGESTED BY A CONVERSATION WITH A LITTLE GIRL.

FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

By Mrs. Frances S Osgood.

MAMMA, you must not let me die
Till you are ready too !
I am afraid to go away,
Unless I go with you.

I know Heaven is a happy place,
Where lovely angels play,
But there would be no sweet mamma,
To kiss her little MAY !

The kindest angel in the sky
Could not be what *you* are,
I'd try to fall from Heaven again ;
To see my dear mamma !

And oh ! be sure to hold me fast
When *you* are going to die,

Close, close within your darling arms,
Sweet mother, let me lie!

I'm so afraid you'll let me fall,
And leave me grieving here!
There's no mamma in all the world
That would be half so dear.

I know not where Heaven is, mamma,
And if you called to me,
You would be up so far, so far,
I could not hear or see!

I'm such a little girl, you know,
I should not find the way—
Oh, mother! say you will not go,
Without your little MAY!

THE INHERITANCE.

By Hazelton Walkley.

IN a far-off land, that lies away
Across the distant sea,
Where some are born to lordly sway,
And some to bow the knee,
Within his old ancestral hall,
One of a princely name
Sat at the feast, beside a priest,
As if of rank the same.

Though Pride, the fiend that plagues us worst
And robs us of our own,
Had, in his heart the seeds accurs'd
Of vain Ambition sown,
Yet lived the nobler thought within,
Which God implants in all,
That cannot quite be lost in sin,
However deep its fall.

And while he sought, by night and day,
Pleasures of every name,

Which, to the great, bring comrades gay,
But to the lowly, shame;
There whispered him a voice within,
That these could not endure,
Pleasures, whose power outlives the hour,
Should be more high and pure.

Thus he, when wassail, wine, and song
Were banished from his hall,
To cheer the weary hours along,
The good old priest would call.
He loved the philosophic lore
That marked his counsels sage,
Culled from the wealth of History's store,
And Nature's open page.

Well knew the lordling, that his guest,
Though born of low degree,
By every soul-ennobling test,
Was greater far than he;
And secretly he grudged the thought
That rank, and titled name,
And wealth, by blood and conquest bought,
No greater worth could claim.

* * * * *

Up many a weary, wandering flight
Of stairway dark, and close,

They sought the tower, whose loftiest height,
Above the castle rose ;
“ Behold, old man,” the noble said,
Exultingly and vain ;
“ How far my broad possessions spread
On valley, hill, and plain.

“ Here to the North, stretch forth thy view
O'er park, and forest high,
To where yon distant mountain blue
Goes up to meet the sky ;
Then Westward, where the wave-like hills
In undulations swell,
There flock and herd my treasure fills,
And yearly increase tell.

“ Yon vale, upon whose plenteous crown
The golden harvest teems,
Whose waters from the hills come down,
And meet and blend their streams ;
All, all are mine ! On hill and plain,
For ages past away,
The peasants of this broad domain
Have owned my lineal sway !

“ And East, and South, thine aged eye
Can scarce the outline trace,
Where dwell my ancient tenantry,
A brave and loyal race ;

And ever with unceasing toil,
Faithful from year to year,
They guard my lands—they till my soil,
And bring their tribute here.”

“’Tis well, ’tis well; but canst thou tell
In the high court of Heaven,
How much will be required of thee
To whom all this is given?
Behold where yonder lowly cot
Stands by the green hill-side;
Now tell me, whose the humble lot,
In that lone place to bide?”

“A widow poor, who sorrowing comes
Here to my castle hall,
To crave for food the scattered crumbs
That from my table fall;
Thankless the boon of life must be
To beg from door to door,
And yet no other hope has she;
Oh! she is very poor!”

“My lord, I pray thee say not so!
Though poor she seemeth now,
That widowed one, full well I know,
Is wealthier far than thou!”
“Richer than me! This giddy height
Hath crazed thine aged brain.

Richer than me ! Pray set thee right,
The mystery explain ! ”

“ Her wealth is not the glittering dust
To which the proud appeal,
That perisheth with moth and rust,
And thieves break through and steal ;
But He who made earth, sky, and sea,
And all that in them is,
Hath treasures for Eternity,
For this poor child of His !

“ He feeds her with the heavenly bread
That came down from on high,
Which he who eats, though he were dead,
Shall live—and never die !
And while through suffering, want, and pain,
With tottering step, and slow,
She journeys o’er life’s dreary plain,
Laden with grief and woe ;

“ Beyond the everlasting hills
That in the distance rise,
She sees unfold the gates of gold,
Where all her treasure lies !
Day without night !—joy without tears !
And pleasures without pain !
And through the flight of endless years,
Grief never comes again !

“ Oh ! if my soul could upward press
To that bright world of bliss,
And shadow forth the shadowless,
Beside the wealth of this,
Poorer than worthless dross, and dust,
Titles and fame would be,
Weighed with the sorrowing widow's trust
That seems so poor to thee !

“ As meteors through the vault of night
Their transient glory stream,
So swift that scarce the gazer's sight
Can catch their flitting beam ;
Even so the proudest sons of Fame
Nations and realms subdue,
And trace their way of light and flame,
Then vanish from the view !

“ While they who gain the widow's boon,
With pitying eyes look down
To cheer with hope the faltering one,
And wreath her golden crown ;
Meekly, oh ! meekly on their way
The ‘ poor in spirit ’ go,
And shun the lights that lead astray ;
For their reward they know ! ”

* * * * *

A thousand years ago, or more,

These words of truth were said ;
And noble, priest, and widow poor
Now slumber with the dead !
Let an admonitory voice
Be from their ashes drawn ;
To chide the sordid worldling's choice,
And cheer the lowly on !

Oh, heavenly Hope ! thy cheering light
To erring mortals given,
Breaks through the darkest gloom of night
That shrouds the path to Heaven !
Guided by thee, the pilgrim lone,
Though lost—despairing never,
Sees in the world beyond our own,
Light, life, and joy for ever !

NEW YORK, Nov. 1844.

THE LAKE.

By William Ellery Channing.

THE Lake that in our valley lies,
The glass of many mountains near,
To heaven, with gentle voice replies,
In simple accents sweetly clear,
Its smooth, unwrinkled countenance
Calm as a sleeper in a trance.

A golden shower of western light,
Bathes the green front of full-leaved trees,
The heavens above the mountain's height,
Glow like the depth of emerald seas ;
All silent, save the bubbling rill,
While shines bright Vesper o'er the hill.

But yesterday, the storm-wind fell,
With rushing, tearing force, on all,
Its deep and solemn-tolling bell,
As sounding for Earth's funeral ;
And now so soft, the Summer air
Would scarcely lift a maiden's hair.

Ye Heavens and Earth ! thou sleeping lake !
Teach me the faith in God supreme,
That I may such pure worship make,
And your perpetual homage deem
The sign and promise from above,
Of perfect and unchanging love.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

By C. W. Everest.

LONE Night, descending with her sable shroud,
Had darkly canopied the troubled deep !
All, all in gloom was mantled ; and the barque
That bore the SAVIOUR, with his timid band,
Held silent on her way ; no kindly ray
To aid its guidance—not one glimmering star—
But all was deep, impenetrable gloom !
Still to its doubtful course, that gallant ship
Moved on, obedient, through the dread profound !

* * * * *

Hark, to the warning ! Mark the quivering gleam !
Down—down—the Tempest plunges on the Sea,
And the mad waves rise up, to buffet it—
And now like angry demons they contend !
Loud peals the the thunder—quick the lightnings flash—
The hoarse-toned Tempest howls along the wave,
And Galilee heaves from her rocky base !

But ah ! by the red lightning's fitful glare,
What barque is plunging mid the billowy strife,

And dashing madly on to fearful doom ?
'Tis HIS—the SAVIOUR'S ! Now it mounts the wave,
And rises, threatening, to the frowning sky,
And now, down, headlong, in the yawning depths,
While swelling seas break o'er it in their wrath !
But where is HE—the MASTER ? heeds he not
The bursting anguish, and heart-rending cry ?
Upon the deck, amid the billows roar,
And breaking surges, lo ! he sleepeth there,
Calm as an infant, on its nurse's breast !

But now a wave, high rising o'er the deep,
Lifts its dire crest, and, like a vengeful fiend,
Comes as a mountain on ! The 'frighted band
Fly in their frenzy to their sleeping Lord,
And in Despair's lorn accents shriek for aid :
“ We perish, Master !—save us, save us, LORD ! ”

He rose, and with a calm, benignant mien,
Looked on the storm : then, with a majesty,
As if the Tempest were his willing slave,
Commanded, “ *Peace, be still !* ”

The thunders hushed ;
The trembling lightnings fled away in fear ;
The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest ;
The raging winds grew still ;

There was a calm !

SONNET.

By John Augustus Shea.

IN the romantic morning of my days,
When at my side, wherever Fancy led,
My harp, well skilled in legendary lays
Of ladies, loves, and chiefs, and battles dread,
Traditioned through long lines of reverent dead,
Was mine, and we, haply at early morn
Or eve, with contemplation roamed along,
And from the beam that kissed the dewy thorn
Silently stole the sparkling light of song,
Or watched the hills the parting day prolong,
And then the deep blue firmament unfold
Its starry archipelago, and thus
Morning and eve, beneficent, unrolled
Their mystic spells, and lived in song for us.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

By Alfred B. Ely.

I.

It is nought but the note of the lone Whippoorwill,
As he hies to the grove on the far distant hill ;
Yet how like a spell, 'neath the still starry night,
Does it tell of the Past, and its days of delight ;
Of its pleasures, and hopes, and its heart-beatings high,
When the fleet-footed hours danced merrily by,
In the home of my childhood, now darksome and still,
Where I first mocked in gladness the lone Whippoor-
will.

II.

Like a magical spell it has charmed me away,
And a child again, gaily beguiling the day,
Do I range through the halls of the home of my birth,
And awake the glad echoes of olden-time mirth ;
All my boyhood's companions come thronging around,
And the rich hopes with which all my day-dreams were
crowned,

While my heart pants again to encounter the strife
That awaiteth for man in the onset of life!

III.

Lo—but hark! the far note of the lone Whippoorwill
Strikes again on my ear from the wood-covered hill;
Oh, the spell, it is broke, that did now but beguile,
And I waken to gloom and to sorrow the while;
For those joys and those hopes are now withered and
fled,
And the friends that I loved are all stricken and dead;
The dear home of my youth is deserted and chill,
While I list in deep sadness the lone Whippoorwill.

JULY, 1844

THE RESPONSE.

By Mary Ann Hanmer Dodd.

“Oblivion may not hang
Its curtain o'er their grave ;
There is no water we can sip,
Like Lethe's lulling wave ;
But fond Affection's moaning wail
Breaks from us like the Autumn gale.”

BELOVED, thou art gone ;
I see thy smile and hear thy voice no more ;
And with a weary pace the hours move on,
That fled so swift before.

Seasons have passed away,
Since Death to our bright bower of bliss came nigh,
Thy cherished form upon the couch to lay
In lingering agony.

And still I seem to stand
Fixed by thy side in powerless despair !
I kiss thy brow, and press thy clay-cold hand,
And feel the death-damp there.

I hear thee breathe my name ;
'Tis the last word that lingers on thy lips ;
I see thine eyes light with Love's brightest flame
Before their dark eclipse.

And when the work is done,
And thou art borne for ever from my sight,
I wander in a world without a sun,
Where day is changed to night.

Oh ! never can that scene,
With its stern anguish vanish from my soul,
Till on my dying eyes Heaven's glories gleam,
And its gates backward roll.

Each spot that Love endears
Wakes a fresh burst of sorrow at my heart ;
And when thy name is breathed, the gushing tears
From their full fountain start.

I cannot speak of thee !
Too selfish is my woe, too deep my grief,
To be unveiled, or seek for sympathy,
Or find in words relief.

But " in the stilly night, "
When quiet reigns around, and others sleep—

When to my couch comes not a ray of light,
Then do I wake to weep.

Of joy no lingering spark
Is left to cheer me by remorseless fate ;
Though I may faintly smile, " my soul is dark,"
My heart is desolate.

Daily I strive to bow
Submissive to a Father's chastening rod :
I dry my tears and smooth my troubled brow,
And bend in prayer to God.

And oh, reproach me not,
While far away I drag a lengthened chain,
Striving to reach thy hallowed resting spot,
Striving with fate in vain.

Oh, could I pass the hours
In mourning where they made thy lowly bed,
My scalding tears would wither all the flowers,
My grief disturb the dead.

The seasons change and pass ;
They bring no joy because unshared by thee ;
Winter, and Spring, and Autumn-time, alas !
Are all alike to *me*.

Why should the Summer come,
With music and her brilliant garments on,
To mock my woe, when from the light and bloom,
Beloved, *thou* art gone?

HARTFORD, June, 1844.

TO MY WIFE.

UPON A BLANK LEAF OF WILLIAMS' "THOUGHTS IN
PAST YEARS."

By Rev. Thomas P. Tyler.

COMPANION dear of happy hours gone by !
" Thoughts in past years " do all with thee entwine,
And future hopes do with thy hopes combine,
Since Holy Church with sacramental tie
Has made us *one*; a mystery most high,
Likeness at once, and consecrated sign,
Of Christ and Bride in unity divine.
This mystic spell upon our souls doth lie,
Our being into one has flowed for ever,
Nor life with all its change, nor death shall sever :
Onward together lies our pathway bright,
Beyond this scene of mutual endeavor,
While converse sweet through endless ages' flight
We hold, as hand in hand, we walk with Him in white.

HANNAH MORE.

By Mrs. Sarah S. Allen.

IF one person more than any other gave a color to the thoughts and feelings of my early life, that person was HANNAH MORE. As I spent my childish days in a society of the strictest Presbyterians, in a secluded village of Connecticut, I was early taught, as a first law of the Sabbath, to read none but religious books. Having committed the whole of the New England Primer, including the shorter Catechism, together with some of the abstruser portions of the Bible, to memory, I was, upon entering my *teens*, gradually emancipated from the low chair in the corner of my father's room, where, with longings indescribable for liberty, I had been compelled to sit for three hours every Sunday in perfect silence, conning, sentence by sentence, the lesson which was to be recited word for word on his awakening.

How slowly the shadows lengthened. The sun seemed actually to stand still for hours together. How eagerly did I watch the bedclothes for some slight motion of a hand or foot, the precursor of returning consciousness. How often did I stretch my neck to see if

the green blinds in the corner room of the parsonage where my good, old uncle, the minister, was, simultaneously with my father, enjoying the same luxury, were thrown open, the only circumstance that would have justified a gentle shake of the sleeper. How wickedly did I encourage my mischievous brothers in some prank or outbreak which might dissipate the charm of sleep; and with what seeming unconsciousness did my toe or my elbow give the additional impulse necessary to upset the chair or the stool with startling noise upon the floor. What sinkings of the heart, if an inarticulate reproof was the only result of these misdoings, while the senses relapsed into deeper and more interminable forgetfulness. How I envied the martins, as with the inexpressibly happy chirp of liberty, they darted from their nests beneath the eaves to wanton in the air. The air itself seemed a happy creature, singing at will among the branches of the trees, or dancing with a graceful, undulating motion over the fields of grain, or the tall grass of the meadows. As if to aggravate my distress and make my confinement doubly irksome, the window near which I usually sat looked out upon the garden wall, above which rose most temptingly branches of lilacs, clusters of roses, with here and there a head of the beautiful blue iris, and the splendid white lily, while I well knew that around their stems the purple and yellow violets were lifting up their sweet faces by hundreds and waiting to be gathered. O! how I longed to gather them. And how I longed to take just one run to the brook which dimpled

along at the foot of the garden, where I knew that the piles of soft, white clouds which rested on the bosom of the blue sky, were making beautiful pictures of themselves, which there was nobody in the world to look at but a little flock of sheep and lambs.

But "time and the hour run through the roughest day;" and that happiest of moments to the little descendants of the Pilgrims, that waited, wished-for time, when the last minute portion of the sun's circumference had entirely disappeared behind the hills, did at length arrive. Where shall I find words to express the joy, the sudden expansion of the heart, the full pouring out of repressed and pent-up feelings, which attended that happy moment. The ban was taken off; we were free as the birds or the winds. I laughed, I danced, I sang. I flew to the top of a neighboring hill to obtain another glimpse of the sun, and to thank him for his exit. I ran to the garden, the orchard. How had that one day of interdiction improved the fragrance of the flowers and the flavor of the fruits. The sky, the water, the woods seemed clothed with a new and peculiar beauty. The heart that had striven in vain for a devotional feeling through the day, now broke forth in glad and spontaneous gratitude to the God of Nature.

It was a wonderful improvement in the state of things—at least, so I thought, when I was permitted to spend the Sunday in my own chamber and to read *good* books. And good books I had. The Bible, the New England Magazine, Dwight's Theology, and Edwards on the Will, selected by my parents; and the works of

Cowper, and Milton, and Hannah More, of my own choosing. These were all the Sunday books which the house afforded, except *The Pilgrim's Progress* and a few others which had been gotten by heart in childhood, and some old volumes of sermons and essays, which having been dutifully read through from beginning to end, were permitted to be laid aside. But what a treasure was here; not the less useful or the more tasteless, from my being obliged, for want of other food, to return again and again to the same banquet. On the contrary, my appetite grew by what it fed on, and the newer and stronger perception of truth and beauty in each successive perusal, increased my admiration to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

I was, for the time, out of the body when with my favorite authors. I soared on the wings of imagination to the highest heaven, or dived to the deepest hell with Milton. I wandered over the green earth, and gazed, and smiled, and wept, and grew into closest intimacy with all lovely, and tender, and thoughtful things with Cowper. But with Hannah More I explored the recesses of my own mind and soul; and as I read and pondered those lessons of high and pure morality, those powerful exhortations to piety and holiness, those impressive descriptions of the vanity and nothingness of worldly pleasures and honors, it seemed that I listened to some being from another sphere, who had never known aught experimentally of human passion or fatality.

The natural desire of knowing something of the pri-

vate history and character of a favorite author, had been gratified in the case of Milton and of Cowper. They were dead, and their lives had been written and published to the world. I knew that Milton had once been young and handsome; that he had been early married; had quarrelled with, and been reconciled to his wife; had brought up children, and been blind in his age; I could sympathise with him as a fellow being. And if with him, how much more with the sensitive, gentle-hearted, unfortunate Cowper, if we may call him unfortunate, whose soul, however dimmed with doubts and fears below, was clearly destined for immortal glory and happiness.

But HANNAH MORE was alive. No anecdotes of her early life had ever reached my ears. I knew she was an aged and venerable woman, and I supposed that she had passed her life in a grave and austere seclusion; looking down from a distance, upon the follies and vices of mankind, and striving to reclaim them, at one time by pointed satire, at another by ingenious fable, and still more frequently, by earnest, direct reproof, and impressive, didactic lessons. That she had ever been young, I could not conceive; still less, that she had ever indulged in anything like gaiety or frolic. I invested her with a thousand grave and dignified virtues; but still, the prevailing characteristic of her mind I supposed to be a thorough contempt of, and superiority to all external and accidental advantages. Wealth, rank, fashion, pleasure, the opinion of the world, the notice of the great—to suppose that MRS. HANNAH MORE

could be, or could ever have been affected by such things, seemed utterly impossible. And thus it happened, though I regarded her with unbounded reverence and admiration, and strove to form my life upon her precepts, still she seemed so much beyond the sphere of ordinary mortals and ordinary motives, as to place her almost entirely without the range of my sympathies and feelings.

In later years, I began to hear the reports of American travellers who had called upon MRS. HANNAH MORE. They represented her as a grave and venerable lady, yet kind and condescending withal. Then came the works of HANNAH MORE, with a portrait. With what interest I gazed upon her aged, yet intelligent countenance—a new interest—for there was less of the grave censor, and more of the kindly woman than I had expected to see. I had strange misgivings when I looked at the corners of her mouth, for, amid the wrinkles, there was a certain indefinable expression, the trace of something which led me to think that at some far earlier period of her life, she might have been—somewhat like other women. I will not say that there was any thing like the spirit of mirth or humor lurking in the lines of that fine, old, serious countenance. I could not have dared to think such a thing; but I was puzzled; I began to fancy that she might once have been young: but, as she must have been quite an elderly lady when I was born, and had been my strict Sabbath-day friend, and grave censor and adviser for between twenty and thirty years, I could scarcely conceive it;

much less that she had ever indulged in the gayeties of youth. It is true that her high and thoughtful forehead appeared surrounded with clustering curls, and that the lace which surmounted them seemed of the most delicate texture; yet the very gravest of old ladies have worn fine lace, and the curls were, evidently, of her own gray hair; it would not have been right, from these circumstances to infer the slightest leaning toward vanity or love of adornment. I, certainly, made no such inference.

At length, it was said of HANNAH MORE, as of all who had gone before her, *that she was dead*; and, moreover, that her "life and letters" were forthcoming. Her "life and letters" came, and I learned what I had so much wished to know. But how different was the HANNAH MORE of reality from the HANNAH MORE of my imagination. She was a great and good woman; but she no longer stood upon a pedestal, a still and ancient figure, pointing to Heaven with one hand, and waving behind her the pleasures and distinctions of life with the other. She came down and mingled with the crowd, a living, wishing, hoping, fearing woman. There was her picture, taken at forty-two, and looking about half that age. And what a picture! The high, smooth, intellectual forehead; the dark, piercing eye; the beautiful mouth and chin. But the expression! arch, knowing, quizzical, satirical, half comic, half mischievous, and entirely good-natured, because so thoroughly self-satisfied. Ah, thinks I to myself, I have found you out at last, MRS. HANNAH MORE. You have been young and

ambitious; and you have had your successes, and triumphs, and disappointments, as well as other people; and I like you all the better for it. And then I fell to reading, and kept on wondering and reading, for a great many pages.

And when I found that her first work was a play, and her first friend an actor; that she used to go to the theatre, and balls, and parties, a dozen times a week, dressed in scarlet silk gowns, and feathers, and flowers; that she had accepted a support from a man who did not marry her; that she was willing to flatter the great, and loved to be flattered by them; and that she had kept on in this way until she was between forty and fifty years of age—truly, I admired her more and more; for then I perceived what strength of mind and what growing steadfastness of principle she must have possessed, to bring her through all these trials from within and without, and leave her so wonderfully industrious, cheerful, and pious; so devoted to the cause of humanity and religion; so untiring in her efforts to do good to every class, and in every possible way.

How delightful it is to see her withdrawing herself from the fashionable world, where she had been flattered and caressed sufficiently to spoil an ordinary mind, and resume the natural habits and simple life of her early years. She was happy in a home with her plain and unsophisticated sisters, for she was child-like still in simplicity and cheerfulness, notwithstanding the full and rich development of the most noble powers; an intellect that scanned with a clear and discriminating

eye the whole aspect of the moral world ; a mental courage that enabled her to stand forth the monitor, the reprover, the instructor of that very society in which she had shone, a star of the first magnitude ; an elevation of mind that raised her above the petty distinctions of life ; a wide, circling, benevolence, which embraced the lowest and most wretched of the human family ; a resolution that scorned all difficulties ; and a ceaseless and untiring activity which made her esteem all time as lost that was not spent in strenuous self-improvement, or in earnest efforts to benefit her fellow creatures, and to increase the innocent happiness of those around her.

What an example does she set to the women of all succeeding time on the approach of old age. How many do we see yielding to the first touches of infirmity, and making them an excuse for indolent self-indulgence, or querulous repinings, or inordinate demands upon the time, and sympathies, and services of others. How many rudely break the cords which bind them to society, and, withdrawing coldly into themselves, look with a morose, unsympathising eye upon those who are younger and more beautiful, thus unwisely yielding the field of influence, and usefulness, and respectability which they might have retained, and giving an indirect assent to the false principle that youth and beauty are necessary to happiness. Let such look at HANNAH MORE, and see her when between sixty and seventy years of age, riding, weekly, on horseback, thirty miles a-day, organizing or overseeing a school for the poor, and on the next day riding home again. See her re-

ceiving and entertaining company. The finest spirits and the brightest wits sought her society, and forgot her wrinkles while they listened to her pleasant wisdom. Not "harsh and crabbed" was HANNAH MORE; she had her "quips and cranks" and "merry turns," and many a ringing laugh and pleasant jest echoed through the house where she and her sisters lived together.

Here and there is a young female who is afraid to cultivate the fine, intellectual powers with which Providence has endowed her, lest some ignorant coxcomb, or some vain, empty-minded individual of her own sex, should stigmatize her with the epithet of "blue." May not such derive strength and encouragement to face this direful calamity, from comparing the inane gossip, the dull, tiresome *talk* of many who pride themselves upon their *common-sense*—from having sedulously excluded everything of an elevating tendency, and confided their attention to the low, sterile practicabilities of mere animal existence—with the sprightly, racy *conversation*, the piquant humor, the delicate wit, the *sensible nonsense* of this well-informed, well-trained, woman? So well-informed, so well-trained, so thoroughly imbued with that richer and deeper philosophy of life was she, as to perceive that no inward power or outward circumstance which could contribute to usefulness or happiness, was to be neglected or despised; who, while earnestly and conscientiously performing every practical duty which lay in her path, strewed that path with the flowers of poetical feeling, and cultivated taste, and harmless mirth, wisely deeming them the benign provision of a benevo-

lent Providence for cheering and adorning our mortal state.

One of the closest observers and strongest thinkers of the present age, has said, that, "among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm;" and the history of the private life and correspondence of many distinguished women would seem to corroborate this opinion. I would not dare to hint at the possibility that a latent conviction of this kind may be one reason for the peculiar feeling with which cultivated women are sometimes regarded by others; but is it not the half-informed, the ill-judging, the pedantic, and ostentatious—those who mistake the ornamental for the staple, who unwisely thrust their acquirements upon the surface of society and demand admiration for them, instead of using them to enrich and beautify the true ground work of woman's character, by brightening her virtues, and imparting zest and flavor to the ordinary food of life; who place themselves in an unnatural attitude, and fail to excite their due share of sympathy and respect in the judicious and discerning of the other sex?

It must be a great comfort to all who have lived in the dread of being called old maids, to look upon this family of unmarried sisters, and see how their intelligence, their gentleness, cheerfulness, and love, dignify and beautify their lives, making them truly respectable and universally honored by all the wise and good.

More than one such family could be pointed out in our own country and in our own time, where the spirit of peace and love, and mutual helpfulness and quiet usefulness, where delicate tastes and winning ways, and care for each other's comfort, make home a warm, delightful place, and seem to ensure the blessing and protection of Heaven, albeit there is no strong arm to ward off the rude assaults of an ungente world.

It is delightful to see one with such powers and such habits as HANNAH MORE possessed, so gentle, kind, and playful; and how cruel, how detestable, were those who sought to work her woe, by opposition, and misrepresentation, and calumny. Poor woman! She suffered severely, for she was a woman, though a great and a good one. But, thank Heaven! she outlived these calumnies, and went down to the grave in peace and quietness, with the admiration, and gratitude, and love of thousands whom she had enlightened, and instructed, and comforted, either personally or by her writings.

Spirit of HANNAH MORE! I reverence and I love thy memory; and not the less that thou hadst thy womanly trials, and partook in very truth of our womanly nature, when thou wert a sojourner here in this world. Thy influence for good who shall calculate? Would there were more like thee!

THE FIRST DAY.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON OF CÆDMON.

By Rev. A. B. Chapin, M. A.

NOR had there as yet,
Save a shadowy gloom,
Aught existed;
But this wide abyss
Stood, deep and dim,
Strange to the LORD,
Idle and useless.

On it, glanced with eyes
The unchanging God,
And the place beheld
All joyless.
He saw thick darkness
Lower, eternal night,
Dark, beneath the firmament,
Drear and waste—
Till this World's creation

By the word was made,
Of the Glory-King.

He first created
(The Eternal LORD,
The head of all things,)
Heaven and earth.
The sky he reared aloft,
And this broad land
On its foundation set,
By mighty strength ;
The LORD Almighty

Earth was as yet
With grass ungreened.
The Ocean yet concealed
Dark, in eternal night,
The dusky pathways.

Then was Glory, bright
(Spirit of the Heavenly Warder)
Borne o'er the dark abyss
With mighty speed.
The God of Angels spake,
The LORD of Life—
“Light, forth-come
Upon the spacious deep.”
Quick was fulfilled
High Heaven's behest.

To Him was holy light,
Upon the desert waste,
So, as the Maker bade

Then sundered
(Triumphant LORD,)
Above the Ocean-flood,
Light from darkness,
Shade from sheen,
Ordaining names for both;
The LORD of Life.

Light was first
By the LORD's command,
Day, be-named—
Beauteous, bright creation !
Well pleased [beheld]
The LORD, at the beginning,
The forth-bearing time.

NOTE. CÆDMON—the Milton of Anglo-Saxon poetry—born in the seventh century, and educated in the monastery of Whitby—was one of those master-spirits whose minds give character to succeeding ages. He struck out for himself a new path, being the first poet of the Gothic race who cast aside the gorgeous imagery of the northern mythology, to sing the sublimer strains of Revelation, and, until the Norman conquest, was the model which others sought to imitate, but which none could equal. The translation is strictly line for line, and as literal as possible.

“EVEN THIS WILL PASS AWAY.”

By Henry Howard Brownell.

[An Eastern Monarch, who desired some spell to preserve equanimity, alike amid the allurements of Fortune and the threatenings of Adversity, chose for his companion this little apothegm.]

Yes, all will pass away—
This sad and weary day,
That lingers on my path, so dull and cold,
Will find its home at last,
In the returnless Past—
And join its unregretted mates of old :

And on some other morn,
A brighter babe be born ;
Haply, more gentle in its task than ye,
Children of aged Time,
All withered in your prime,
Dark Hours, who long have borne me company.

Has it not erst been said,
(As I, methinks, have read

In some old chronicle with moral fraught,)
That one, in days gone by,
Mid torments doomed to die,
Consoled him with the stern yet trusty thought,

That when of one long sun
The bitter sands had run,
Sorrow and joy would be alike to him—
Each nerve, so quick with pain,
Could never thrill again,
Nor one pang more convulse each wretched limb!

We know not what there is,
Perchance, akin to this,
Which nerves us to endure the life we bear;
Borne, like the PILGRIM'S load,
O'er many a weary road—
Through many a path of sorrow, sin, and care.

And oh, like him could I,
These wanderings all passed by,
Lay down the weight 'neath which our footsteps err;
How little recked by me,
Its resting place would be,
Though 'twere, like his, a wayside sepulchre.*

* "So I saw in my dream, that just as CHRISTIAN came up with the Cross, his burthen loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more."

THE UNBROKEN BOND.

By Rev. George Burgess.

WE rode where Tunxis' gentle flow
Spreads its bright bosom wide,
A valley current, smooth and slow,
Though far above, and close below
The mountain-pine and hemlock throw
Black shadows down its side;
And crag and forest bending o'er
Re-echo to a torrent's roar.

Here on their narrow native plain,
Three youths espied we now;
Two toiled amid the early grain,
One guided well the plough;
And fast beside the pleasant road,
The school its humble portal showed,
And rose, beyond, one plain abode,
Beneath the maple bough.

"'Tis little, yet perhaps 'tis well,"
Thus my companion spoke—

“Of yonder house a tale to tell,
That just in memory woke;
For sure, in this wild world of change,
Somewhat the sight is sweet and strange,
When wedlock's mystic chain can range
From birth to death unbroke.

“Within those walls fulfilled their span
A husband and his spouse;
The self-same morn their lives began
Their birthday sealed their vows;
That day, their one-and-twentieth sped;
And thirty still and six had fled,
When low they bowed each parent head,
As when the ripe fruit bows;
One day beheld them with the dead,
One coffin bore them to the bed
That CHRIST alone shall rouse ”

More knew I nought of them or theirs
Than these few words had told,
But these amidst a thousand cares
Remembrance fast shall hold;
Nor asks my heart a farther proof
That Love rejoiced beneath that roof,
And demon passions fled aloof,
While all those Summers rolled.

Soft seems the breeze, and soft the stream,
Whose murmurs mingle there;

And balmy flowers yet balmier seem,
Beneath that peaceful air:
For Peace is thine, thou blesséd spot,
And were such home the lowliest cot,
Yet should the scene be unforgot,
Where Heaven, but once, had given a lot
So wondrous and so fair!

R E S T .

By William Henry Burleigh.

'T is not the folding of the hands in sleep,
 Stretched on the couch, while o'er the half-closed eye
 Dreams flit and visions dance, fantastic, by ;
'T is not, in idle luxury, to weep
O'er woes fictitious—or your sorrows keep
 For real woes that claim the heart-breathed sigh ;
 (Though born of Heaven is human sympathy ;)
'T is not, secluded in some forest deep,
To pass your days in converse with the great
 Spirits of olden time, or raptured o'er
 The poet's page of inspiration pore,
Till with high thoughts your soul is all elate ;
'T is not, in monkish den, to tell your beads,
And mumble prayers nor saint, nor Virgin heeds :

These are not REST—the good we seek to win—
 Life's crowning bliss, desired by all, yet still
 Our grasp eluding, baffling human skill.
'T is freedom from the vassalage of sin—

Not outward quiet, but a peace within ;
 'Tis full obedience to a SAVIOUR'S will,
 That ready stands, His purpose to fulfil ;
It flies not from the toil, and dust, and din
Of peopled Earth—the tumult which distracts
 The Quietist, whose heaven is solitude ;
 But, undisturbed by cries and clamors rude,
With faith unshaken and strong purpose, *acts*
For man, for time, for God ! Oh, truly blest,
The soul that knows this high and holy REST !

STARLIGHT.

By Augustus Snodgrass.

Now in their golden Halls of Light
The flaming Stars are seen,
And gem the misty vault of Night
With loveliness serene.

I love those glancing, gleaming Stars,
In the calm hush of Even;
They move like angel-freighted cars
Through the blue halls of Heaven!

I know not why—but my glad soul,
Dancing and glowing, flies
Where they in seas of silver roll,
And broods along the skies.

It was a beauteous dream, that he
Of Samos dreamed of old—
That the red stars sang merrily
In their deep halls of gold!

Ye are a Beauty, that I feel,
Calm, deep, and unexpressed;

And from your bright beams gently steal
Thoughts radiant in my breast!

I yield not as of old to chains
Forged in the caves of Night;
I bend not as of old to pains,
Hid in the Eve's wild light!

But like the Sabeen, who gazed
Adoring and with smiles,
As wild the red stars brightly blazed,
I view those golden isles!

And they and the calm hush of Night
Sink down into my breast,
With a sweet song and voice of light,
Unuttered, unexpressed!

And then I feel the will to be
Strong in a self-control,
And with enduring conflict free,
And armed in heart and soul!

My heart thus melts with Beauty brought
From the gemmed vault above,
And I deem the light around me wrought
From the deep Soul of Love!

NORWICH, N. Y.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

By C Donald Macleod.

“LO ! HE cometh !” In the palace,
High the soul of luxury soared ;
Gleamed the red wine in the chalice,
Flashed the torches round the board
At the cry, the feasters started ;
Died the revel midst the hall ;
O’er their heads the roof-tree parted,
And the thunder rent the wall.

“LO, HE cometh !” Mid the rattle
Of the war-drums rode the knight,
Mid the whirlwind of the battle,
Mid the rushing of the fight ;
At the cry, though combat-proven,
Pale he shrunk amid the war ;
While the foe his steel had cloven
Rose, confronting him once more.

“LO, HE cometh !” Like the thunder
Was the peal, when Heaven it sweeps ;

And the Ocean, calmed with wonder,
Awe-struck, shook through all her deeps.
From amid her fields disporting,
Back her mighty monsters fled ;
From her heart of waters starting,
Rose the myriads of her dead !

Reeled the scared Earth to her centre :
From the base of mountains strong—
From the ice of endless Winter,
Piled above their limbs so long—
From beneath the lava current,
Where their cindered bones had slept—
From the dark graves where the torrent
Of the whirling sand-storm swept—

Came they. From where Ganges washes,
Came the sacrificed of Ind ;
Came the Christian martyrs' ashes,
Scattered once to every wind.
All the dead came : righteous ABEL,
And the last created clay ;
Came the monarchs of old Babel,
Came the kings of yesterday.

All the Heaven was filled with angels,
All the Earth with risen dead ;
While the trumpet's loud evangels
Shook their countless hearts with dread.

Lucifer wailed o'er his story
 'Neath the gloom of his abode :
High in Heaven, amid the glory,
 Stood the spotless Lamb of God !

COME YE BLESSED ! and the assembled
 Righteous trod to endless day :
Go YE CURSED ! and they trembled,
 Bowed, and wailed, and passed away
Such the terrible ideal
 Of an hour that must be shared.
When the scene becometh real,
 Master ! may I be prepared !

L'ESPERANCE.

By George Hatch.

WHEN the serpent Sin was first permitted to defile the fairy bowers of Eden with his venom, and, with specious reasoning and accursed wiles, to seduce the erring parents of our race, one boon alone did Heaven vouchsafe, one blessing give, to operate as an equivalent for all that they had lost. That boon and blessing was the angel Hope. She alone, of all the angelic choir of Paradise, still sojourns with us. She alone, young, lovely, beautiful as ever, yet continues to encourage, cheer, sustain us; to infuse new life within our drooping souls while here on earth, and indicate unerringly a brighter world beyond.

When again the sons of men fell under the delusions of the arch betrayer—when they forgot their God, and altogether went astray—then, sad and grieving, this fair angel fled; earth sank beneath the avenging power of justice, and the world was drowned. But she returned again, still pitying and kind as ever. When the dove sprang forth from the ark of the only just Noë, and spread her wings over the wide waste of waters, bright,

pure, unsullied as ever, beamed once more the star of Hope. The small, bright light, which had guided the Patriarch through his eventful career up to that time, rose then brilliant and full to the view of the faithful, never again to disappear but in the glorious blaze of eternity.

It has, ever since that moment, been the guiding light of all ma kind. Like *tournesol* to the sun, our eyes for ever seek it. From thenceforth has it shone with undiminished brilliance through the gloom, which, like a robe, enwraps the human mind. "Sunlight upon Judea's hills!"—there has been one exception. There was a time when proud men's hearts did quail and tremble abjectly, and graves gave up their dead; when rocks were rent asunder, and all Nature stood aghast at man's atrocity. Hope *would* have fled had not JEHOVAH's arm withheld her. Since that eventful hour, our guardian angel hath indeed been with us; since then her talisman hath glittered on the forehead of the world with scarce an intermission.

There is a sort of universal magic in the name of this divinity, which certainly attaches to few others; a kind of general applicability to all the wants of sad humanity. For the bewildered mariner, it is an ever-present Pharos; and for the weary pilgrim, in his darkest hour, a most cheering ignis fatuus at least, sustaining weary Nature, when inextricably lost, benighted. The careworn, through this medium, descry, while yet afar off, their reward, and dream of the fresh and fair leaves which are blooming in their distant domain.

Hope, like the rainbow, is an emblem of a covenant between man and his Maker: the one arose out of the Flood, the other was born in Paradise: the one is limited to an especial favor, while the other fills immensity. Hope proves man is immortal, or that Heaven is unjust. We live, we move, we act, not for the present, but the future. If, then, there is no future, sadly do we err. An expectation of eventual blessedness, or an unbroken ease, incites to all; encouraging to virtue, and increasing the great aggregate of human happiness, 'tis true; yet if we hope in vain for more than this, deceit is all—existence is a fable.

Finally, Hope is the mainspring of our life, and an anchor to the soul in death; the moving principle which fills the mechanism of the mind, and the stay of sinking hearts when life begins to dim. Whether she point to wealth or fame, ease or preferment, it is in our view the greatest blessing, the most important acquisition, object, that can be encompassed. The mechanic and trader, the poor and the rich, the high and the humble, are alike subject to the same call. As an inducement to the stolid or despairing, she rears high aloft a dazzling banner, on the waving folds of which is seen portrayed whatever most their hearts desire. She tells us all to press onward, and we shall succeed in every enterprize; to give our mind to the accomplishment of each particular pursuit, and we shall yet be crowned with honor.

The path of those whose hopes are linked with moderation in desire and industry in action, shall be strewn with ever-blooming flowers; and visions bright, and

happiness untainted, shall come over them in full fruition.

“ Hope on, hope ever !—by the sudden springing
Of the green leaves which Winter hid so long,
And by the bursts of free triumphant singing,
After cold silent months, the wood among,
And by the rending of the frozen chains
Which bound the rippling rivers on their plains.

“ Deem not these words are light or idly spoken,
Or, like a lovely song, to leave no trace ;
No ; when the gloom which wraps the world is broken,
And the full day-spring rises on our race,
Then shall the mists a glorious scene disclose,
And the wild desert blossom as the rose.”

SONNET.

MOONLIGHT ON THE BAY.

By George Shepard Burleigh.

How the World's beauty hath survived the Day,
Chastened and purer, as re-live in thought
Past hours of joy without the pain they brought;
The glorious Moonlight floods the dimpled Bay,
Whose great heart's tide attests her lovely sway;
Laughing in light, its tiny billows roll
As child-like joys rush o'er some mighty soul;
Well may it seem, thou wondrous flood, that they
Who tread the gem-world of thy deep-down caves,
Now catch the Moonbeams in their cups of pearl,
As they come showering on thy restless waves,
And fling them whitening on each billow's curl;
While the rich starlight of these nether skies,
Is the live joy which darts from all their sparkling eyes.

SONG.

"THIS GLEN SO DEEP AND SHADY."

By G. H. Hollister.

I.

THIS glen so deep and shady
Is Nature's holiest nook;
For here I wooed my lady
By yonder dimpled brook.

II.

'T was here with timid blushing
She gave her gentle hand;
Just where the streamlet rushing
Bedews the pearly sand.

III.

We homeward went, unheeding
The sight of living things;

Nor deemed our hours were speeding
On many-colored wings.

IV

And let them speed, my lady;
For Nature's holiest nook
Is still this glen so shady,
With yonder dimpled brook !

SONNETS.

AUTUMN WINDS.

By S. Dryden Phelps.

I.

THE winds of Autumn through the forests sweep,
And o'er the harvest fields with mournful sigh,
They waft the sombre clouds along the sky,
And stir the billows of the azure deep.
They come from distant lands of snow and storm,
And mark their pathway with the touch of blight:
They pass—all viewless as a spirit's form,
To do the object of their mission. Night
Lists to the cadence of their solemn wail;
Day hears their footsteps in the lonely vale,
And heavier tread upon the mountain side.
Their voices bid the feathered songsters hie
To fairer lands beneath a milder sky,
Where Summer reigns and lovely flowers abide.

II.

Ye winds! the formless messengers of God!

Oft as I listen to your solemn lays,
Ye wake the memory of departed days—
The home of infancy—the paths I trod,
And friends I loved, ere Childhood-scenes were o'er :
I hear your tones in old familiar trees,
I see the orchard nodding to the breeze,
And hear the woodland of the mountain roar :
Ye mind me well of long-passed evening times,
When, with the household group around the hearth,
I sat, and listened to your mournful chimes,
While all within was joy and social mirth :
And now, as by my dwelling-place ye sweep,
Ye tell me of the graves where friends and kindred sleep !

THE OCEAN BURIAL

By Payne Kenyon Kilbourn.

"There was a tremor on the wave,
It passed—the Ocean was his grave."

BYRON.

I.

THE ship was in the middle sea, her useless sails were
furled,
A death-like calm had settled down upon the watery
world;
The eagle-flag of victory swung high and heedless o'er
him,
As sad and slow along the deck his gallant comrades
bore him.

II.

No man of GOD stood o'er his corse to speak of hope
and Heaven,
Or point the living to the Cross where all may be for-
given;

Yet, as grave thoughts swept o'er the past, and on
through endless years,
Stern hearts were bowed, and eyes were dim, that long
had done with tears.

III.

With heads uncovered, silently, they stood around his
bier ;
None spake—each communed with himself—all felt
that God was near ;
They raised him to the vessel's edge—loud roared the
funeral gun—
There was a plunge !—the Sea closed o'er her bravest,
truest son !

IV.

The breeze is up—the sails are spread ! Once more
upon the waves,
The proud ship boundeth gallantly above a world of
graves !
And the song of her gay mariners is ringing o'er the
deep—
The song their comrade sang with them ere his un-
dreaming sleep !

V.

What reck they of his absence now, as cheerily they
go,

With favoring gales and skies above, and tranquil seas
below !

Yet there is one who waits for him upon his native
shore,

Who knoweth not that he will press her soft, pale
cheek no more.

VI.

Sleeping or waking, still she dreams of him she loves
too well ;

The future is her paradise—ah ! who would break the
spell ?

Maiden ! the seal of Heaven is his—he walks no more
with men ;

The Ocean shall give up its dead ; oh ! may'st thou
meet him *then* !

HARTFORD, June, 1844.

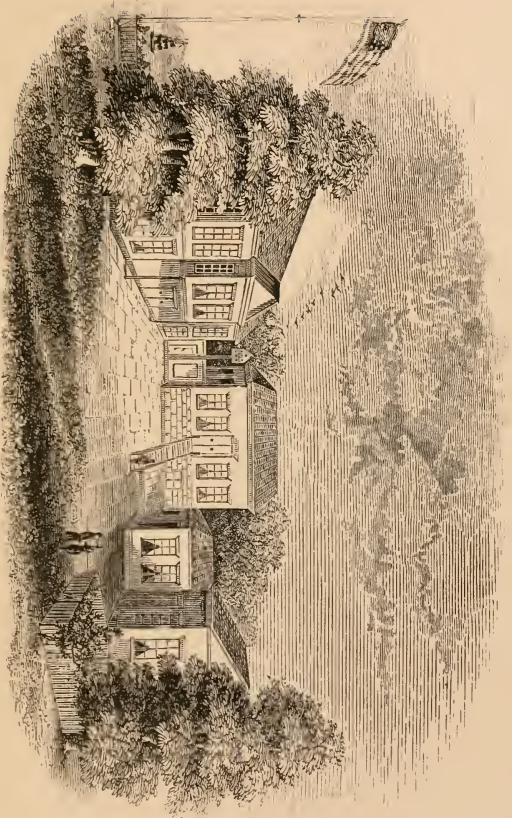
COMMODORE PORTER.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

THIS delineation of the mansion of the late Commodore PORTER, where he resided while discharging the duties of Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Sublime Porte, derives additional interest, as being from the pencil of his devoted sister, MRS. MARY P. BROWN, whose untiring and affectionate attentions soothed the last ten years of his life. The house is situated in a large garden, near the ancient village of St. Stephano, on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, ten miles from Constantinople. He selected it for its rural scenery, its retirement from the bustle of the city, and the salubrity of the climate in its vicinity.

That fondness for the beautiful things of Nature, which refines the mind in youth, and solaces it in age, had not been extinguished by the opposing pursuits and hardships of a life on the sea. On the contrary, it seemed rather to take stronger root, and gather a fuller ripeness in his declining years. The apartment which he occupied as a library adjoined the flower-garden; and the rose-bushes looked in at its windows, and

Residence of the late Commodore Porter, near Constantinople.



reached out their clustering blossoms to overshadow the door. Many other flowers of varied form and hue, luxuriated in rich beds; and among the shrubbery, his favorite snow-balls put forth their loaded boughs. Fig trees mingled their dark, green leaves and abundant fruit, with the heavier foliage of the walnut and hippocastanus. It was affecting to see the man, whose daring courage had counted all dangers light, and who had won renown among boisterous beings on a boisterous element, walking in serene contemplation amid those quiet shades, and holding peaceful communion with Nature, and Nature's God.

Love of reading, also threw a charm over his retirement. His library was large and select, and his mind insatiable in its desire for knowledge. As he approached the termination of his earthly career, works on practical theology were his choice, and meditation on heavenly themes cheered him in affliction. His sufferings were often great, the effects of naval exposure, and of wounds received in the service of his country. But no complaint was ever heard from his lips. To the last, his patience and fortitude were unbroken.

When prevented from attending public worship, prayers and a sermon were read to him and the assembled family by his devoted sister. Even on the Sunday previous to his death, he was able to listen to her as she read the service of the Episcopal Church, and one of the discourses of the late Rev. Dr. EDWARD GRIFFIN. On the 3rd of March, 1843, he departed this life, with a full trust in his Redeemer's righteousness. He had at-

tained the age of sixty-three years—forty-two of which had been spent in the faithful service of his country, by land and sea.

On the left of the engraving, will be observed a small enclosure, where the folds of the American flag wave. A year before his death, he pointed to it, and said: "Sister MARY, when I die, bury me there, at the foot of the flag-staff, and plant one of your willow trees upon my grave."

The injunction was fulfilled. The head of the Ocean chief was laid beneath the flag which he had borne to victory. But the voice of his native land was heard, demanding that his precious dust should slumber in her bosom. It was taken homeward over the waters, that her will might be obeyed, and that future generations might read upon his monument her appreciation of his love, his courage, and his fidelity.

LINES

ON SEEING A DRAWING OF THE MANSION WHERE COM-
MODORE PORTER SPENT THE LAST YEARS OF HIS
LIFE.

CHIEF of old Ocean's briny deep,
Of dauntless breast and purpose brave,
Who bade thy country's thunders sweep
Victorious o'er the embattled wave!

With thrilling heart, the scene I trace,
Thy home beneath a foreign sky ;
Where in fraternal Love's embrace,
Life's wearied years rolled gently by ,

Where, pleased with Nature, calm and sage,
Thou saw'st thy cherished flowers unfold ;
Or listening, loved the heaven-taught page,
Replete with wisdom's hoarded gold.

Then, 'neath thy chosen willow tree,
Laid meekly down to dreamless sleep ;
Yet not Marmora's sounding sea
The treasure of that trust might keep.

Thy country took it to her arms,
And Fame embalmed the honored clay ;
While freed from all terrestrial harms
Thy soul rejoiced in cloudless day.

HYMN OF THE EVENING.

By Martha L. Kellogg.

How pleasantly the evening steals along,
A friendly guest whose coming hath been marked.
At its approach the light of the blue skies
Is pale—and over all the weary earth
A shadow resteth, like a troubled dream.
Beneath its influence the waves are still,
And all the voices of the air have changed,
With the low chimes of every living thing
That nestleth in the earth. Within the tops
Of the high trees, the spirit of the wind
Moveth in the slow majesty of pomp.
A flush is on the hills like the deep bloom
Of health. White clouds float silently along
Their dark uneven ridges ; and a haze
Like the faint shadows of a mystery
Dims the visible world. Few glimmering stars,
The struggling glory of a moonless night,
Look faintly from their homes in the far heaven.

Some brilliant traces of receding day,
Still sadden in the West. Its latest beams
Are clear, as if the evening star had shed
All its sweet light into those golden depths,
'Till gradually the sober sky descends
And curtains all.

So slow hath been the tread,
So gentle the approach of the young evening—
And unto us its presence hath a joy,
A mild subduing joy, that makes the heart
Its subject. In the full press of cares
It is a transient Sabbath, that is held
Sacred to meditation, and repose.
It brings glad summons to the son of toil,
Who turneth from the field in weary pain.
To pilgrim eyes it is a harbinger
Of quiet rest. It foldeth in its arms
The children of distress, and soothingly
Administers to all their grief. The life
That wastes itself in unknown solitude,
All unregarded by the alien world,
And wearied by its strange unfriendly forms,
Hath now some gentler beatings. Memories
That long have brooded o'er the spirit's light,
Beneath the shadow of this silent hour
Have passed unconsciously. In the still room
Where the pale mourner weeps beside the dead,
In the abstracted agony of grief,
With the dim shining of the stars, there comes

A holier influence than the day affects.
Its quiet, like Religion, hath a power,
Calm and sustaining

'T is at such an hour
That holier aspirations lift the soul ;
When something telleth us of better spheres,
Where they who parted from us long ago
Have found their home, and who, with angel eyes,
Since their meek lives were here surrendered up,
Have followed all our steps.

How many now
From pleasant tasks withdraw, and lift the heart
To breathe their worship in the ear of HEAVEN !
A mother leadeth to his early rest
Her gentle boy, and, kneeling by his bed,
Lays her soft hand upon his brow and prays.
The orphan, left a stranger in its home,
Goes to the shrine where once a household knelt,
And there bows down in lonely confidence.
Children with folded hands and bended eyes,
The old who look regretfully on life,
And youth with Summer's gladness in their hearts,
Each from their various courses turn aside,
And seek the audience of Deity.
Are not the seraphims, whose ministry
Is near the throne, listening to the low vows
Of these ? And even they, who once were here,
Whose deep and patient love we see no more,

Are they not stirred with fond anxiety,
To hear the earnest voices of their own ?
Is it not thus that we have learned to think
That angels love this blessed dreaming hour,
And with their ever-glorious presence fill
The invisible region all around !

MARY HOWITT.

By Mary Elizabeth Fellowes

LIKE the warbling of a bird,
When its heart with joy is stirred;
Like the singing of a brook,
Playing in some quiet nook;
Like the glad voice of a child,
Sporting in the forest wild;
Like a fairy's merry song,
Nestling the wild flowers among
Where the hum-birds only know it—
Such thy lays, sweet MARY HOWITT.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO AN OLD PIANO FORTE.

By Mrs. Sarah S. Allen.

FAREWELL! thou friend of many years;
 I feel the welling up of tears,
 From the deep fountains of the heart,
 To think that thou and I must part.
 For joy and grief have linked, for aye, to me,
 A thousand touching memories with thee.

My life was new, my hopes were young,
 When first thy sounding chords I rung;
 Too fresh, too bright, my hopes, my life,
 For this dim world of care and strife.
 A heavenly light gleamed o'er each coming scene,
 But stormful earth-clouds darkling rolled between.

Yet, if with joy my pulse beat high,
 Or wild, harsh discords jangled by;
 If gay in crowds, or sad and lone,
 A magic blended with thy tone,

Which soothed my trials, bade my sorrows cease,
And brought the o'er-wrought spirit, rest and peace.

Ah, me ! how many a weary hour
Has by thy sweet, beguiling power,
Been silvered o'er with calm content :
How many a charm thy tones have lent,
My sinking heart and failing hopes to stay,
And bid the cold, rude world, pass on its way.

When years their missions had fulfilled,
And reason's voice had passion stilled ;
When two fond names, to woman dear,
Thrilled through my heart, sang in mine ear ;
A deeper, tenderer spell, was round thee thrown,
And richer, sweeter, heavenlier, grew thy tone.

Methinks a twilight now I see,
Where earth was fair as earth could be ;
Mid wavy hills and mountains blue,
A river broad gleams out to view ;
Upon whose calm, and sky-reflecting breast,
Clouds, trees, and pictured rocks sink down to rest.

And, here, in shade, but not in gloom,
I see an old, familiar room,
Of cheerful, comfortable look,
With many a picture, vase, and book.

Forgive me, if my thought breathe aught of sin,
 'T was Heaven without, and more than Heaven within.

And here, old instrument, I see
 What looks extremely like to thee :
 A child's light feet are glancing o'er,
 With fairy step, the pictured floor ;
 And one sits listening to thy murmured tone,
 I scarce can bear, in thought, to look upon.

And now, thy soft notes blend awhile,
 With gentle word and kindly smile ;
 And now, the melody rings out,
 In time with Childhood's merry shout ;
 Then, as the lovely landscape grows more dim,
 It softens to the sacred, evening hymn.

And long the time such twilights fair
 Were mine ; where are they now ? ah ! where ?
 Lift not the veil from those sad years,
 Whose history was traced in tears ;
 Whose only music was the dismal sigh
 Of the drear night winds whistling rudely by.

When mid fair scenes, but strange and lone,
 No hand to fondly press mine own,
 The chilled and aching heart in vain,
 Sought refuge from its weary pain,

The heavens were dim, the earth a blank to me,
And solace came not, even, old friend, from thee.

'Tis past, long past, and Time has brought
A milder mood, a calmer thought,
And flowrets springing 'neath my feet,
Shed round my path their perfume sweet ;
And I have marked the kindly smile and tear
Gleam out, once more, and Life again is dear.

And music re-asserts its power
To charm away the lingering hour ;
Yet, though 'tis mine no more, the skill
To draw sweet fantasies at will,
From out thy hidden chords ; I ill can brook,
For the last time, upon thy form to look.

For a new hope by thee has sprung :
The tiny hand which careless flung
Its tinkling fingers o'er thy keys,
Now, spans thy octaves broad, with ease ;
And wakes the pleased and startled echoes round,
With the rich volumes of harmonious sound.

But while the youthful powers unfold,
Thou, well-tried friend, art getting old !
Thy strings are cracked, thy ivories jingle,
And with thy tones sad discords mingle.

Thy slender legs, and plain, unvarnished case,
Are out of fashion ; direful, deep disgrace !

And through thy every stain and streak,
A language to my soul doth speak ;
To other eyes, thou'rt but a poor,
Old, useless, piece of furniture ;
Unworthy in the drawing-room to linger,
Or echo back the touch of Beauty's finger.

Then, fare thee well, thou only sharest
The common lot ; the brightest, fairest,
The faithfulest, the longest tried,
Shall each, one day, be shoved aside,
If interest urge, or pride, for newer faces,
For smoother tongues, and for more brilliant cases.

Happy, if some true heart still clings,
With fondness to its broken strings ;
If some kind, gushing eye shall weep,
When it sinks away to forgotten sleep.
Heaven grant my parting hour one tear may see,
Warm, true, like that which dims my sight for thee.

MY CHILD.

By C. W. Everest.

"Baptized at birth from Sorrow's bitter urn."

L. H. S.

A GLOOMY cloud enwrapped thy little morn,
Poor bird, forsaken in thy lonely nest !
For Sorrow stamped her signet on thy breast,
E'en at the mournful hour when thou wert born !
Alas, my child, that thy brief life below,
Should prove so sad a heritage of woe !
Yet why "alas !"—it was our Father's will ;
Who kindly lists his feeblest creature's cry :
Then let my heart's rebellious love be still,
And let my tears—my bitter tears—be dry !
Sweet babe ! an angel's summons met thine ear,
Thou heardst, in death, thy Mother's voice, and smiled :
Oh ! bright the bowers above Earth's narrow sphere,
Where sinless spirits rove !—And thou art there, my
child !

THE MOTHER.

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF HER DEAD CHILD.

By Spencer Morton Clark

My boy! my lost! my beautiful!—'tis not thy face I
see;

'Tis like thine own, and yet it lacks the looks so dear
to me;

It lacks thy earnest gentleness, thy guileless look of
truth,

That gay and brilliant sunlight of the heart's unsullied
youth.

It hath a dull and mournful look, as if thy heart were
sad—

But oh, my boy, *thy* merry heart was always blithe
and glad;

The wing of Sorrow could not come to shade that noble
brow,

And as thou wast in joyous life I fain would have thee
now.

And oh, thy voice, thy merry voice ! 'twas like the song
of birds,

When thy full heart looked out thine eyes, "too elo-
quent for words:"

But that dear voice is lost to me ; 'tis past the power of
art

To call again those silvery tones—the music of thy
heart.

Oh, never more in pictured form or to my eyes may
come

The face so fair, so beautiful, that filled with joy my
home ;

But treasured in my "heart of hearts," and kept with
jealous care,

Is living still thy every look, my beautiful, my
fair !

Thou 'rt present to me every hour, thy smiles my day-
dreams fill,

They hover round my midnight couch, in dreams I see
them still ;

I see thee with the Fancy's eye—thou'rt ever near to
me ;

But oh, not there, not there, my boy—that picture is
not thee.

'Tis hard to think that I no more may clasp thee to my
breast,

That only in my dreams and thoughts that treasured
form may rest ;

That never more those little arms about my neck be
twined,

Those speaking eyes look up to mine, so trustful and
so kind :

That never more thy joyous glee, the music of thy
mirth,

Shall give content to yearning hearts about thy father's
hearth :

Oh bitter, bitter comes the truth—the sad, heart-break-
ing truth,

That in the grave is curtained up the first-born of my
youth.

'Tis madness now for me to think how in our happy
home,

I wove with rainbow tints of hope thy web of life to
come ;

And how the future seemed to bend all brightness o'er
my pride,

As Fancy saw thee go through life to Manhood by my
side.

And how a mother's heart has prayed that not a shade
of ill

Might dim the sunlight of that path my Fancy bade
thee fill ;

The voiceless chambers of my soul were filled with
thoughts of thee,

While Hope with lifted finger told the way of life
to be.

And thus it ends. Thy web of life is woven to the tomb!

The future's sky, so bright to me, is curtained up with gloom;

While Hope and Fancy droop and die where Death's dark banners wave,

And every joy I had on earth is buried in thy grave.

Oh! ever from thy birth, my boy, the wing of Death was o'er thee;

And yet I never dreamed it thus when "joyously I bore thee;"

But clearly in thy matchless brow in signs I *now* can see,

Was shadowed forth the dreadful truth, *thou wert but lent to me!*

I might have known earth could not keep so rich a gift as thine,

That Heaven itself could only hold the prize I thought was mine;

That sister angels from their homes of sunshine and of flowers,

Would early call this matchless work to worlds less gross than ours.

And there, my son, I see thee yet in God's own sunshine bow,

How wondrous bright those lustrous eyes are looking at me now!

If sorrow could come o'er thee there, thou wouldst be
sad to see

The friend thou lovedst when here below still sorrow-
ing thus for thee.

But no, thou'rt happy, happy now, where all is peace
and love ;

No sadness can come o'er thy thought in that glad
home above ;

And when I join thee once again where parting cannot
come,

I know thy guileless heart will leap to welcome mother
home.

And when Death's wing for me, dear boy, shall tremble
in the air,

My heart will fill with joy to know I go to join thee
there ;

And every pang the soul can feel, when Death's dread
shaft is thrown,

Be lost in hope of meeting thee, my beautiful, my
own !

TO HESTER.

By William Ellery Channing.

A LIGHT lies on the Western hill,
A purple on the sleeping sea,
And on the trickling forest rill,
Though bringeth that no joy to me.

The children of the budding Spring
Are mantling in the solemn woods,
And clear the forest minstrels sing
To Nature, in most joyous moods.

But there is that I deeper prize,
Beyond the form of everything—
The smile within thy vivid eyes,
The graces that around thee cling.

“UNDER THE ROSE.”

A SONG.

By Mrs. Frances S. Osgood.

UNDER the Rose, darling,
Under the Rose,
Keep the dear secret
In holy repose!

Let not that sweet mouth
The treasure disclose!
Keep all I whisper thee,
Under the Rose!

Through those soft lips, darling,
Where Love doth hide,
Let not his murmurs
Of melody glide!

Under the Rose, dearest,
Under the Rose,
Keep the fond secret
In holy repose!

MIDNIGHT.

By Park Benjamin

STROWN with leaves, my study table
Is a cheerful sight to see,
When my porcelain-shaded candles
Yield their mellow light for me;
And the sea-coal burns superbly
In the just replenished grate,
And the clock, with vocal finger,
Tells me it is waxing late.

Midnight—what a blessed season !
Outward noises sink to sleep,
As to one who travels landward
Lessen murmurs from the deep.
I am all alone, and nothing
Interrupts the great repose,
Save my own heart's beating, peaceful
As the fall of snows on snows.

Solitude, my darling, fondly
Draweth closer to my side :
Who shall say I am not happy
With my visionary bride ?
Her's is love that, never changing,
Brightens in the shade of years,
Ever lending mirth to laughter,
Silent sympathy to tears.

Richly glow the crimson curtains,
Deepening in the ruddy blaze ;
Books with old familiar faces
Smile like friends of former days.
Dear companions ! ye are vanished,
Vanished in the darkening Past ;
But at midnight beam your foreheads
Bright as when I saw you last.

Hour of calm and sweet re-union
Of all pleasant forms and things !
Wretched he to whom thy quiet
No delight nor solace brings.
Dance, ye gay, in chambers brilliant
With the flash of gems and flame,
Chase the flying phantom, Pleasure,
As the poet chaseth Fame !

Unto me with purer transport
Comes the weird and witching time—

Memory of joys departed,
Happy dreams and hopes sublime!
Midnight, in thy hushed seclusion
All my loved ones round me stand—
Living some, and some by Fancy
Beckoned from the spirit-land!

THE JEWS OF YORK.

By Rev. E. E. Beardsley.

It is one of the melancholy evidences of the truth of Christianity—melancholy because blood has been avenged by the shedding of blood—that the prophetic declarations concerning the Jews have been so literally fulfilled. From the day of CHRIST's crucifixion to the present time, this sad and humble people have known no peace, and shared no abiding consolation. A scorn and a derision, a proverb and a bye-word in all the world, they have presented themselves as living witnesses to the punishment of their own blindness and obstinate unbelief. The prediction of their ancient leader and lawgiver is too complete an outline of their modern history not to be noted :

“ And the LORD shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other. * * * And among those nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest ; but the LORD shall give thee then a trembling heart ; and failing of eyes

and sorrow of mind ; and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee ; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. ”

Whoever has been an attentive reader of history knows that all, and more than all this, has been accomplished in the successive persecutions of the Jews. In every land, the treatment which they have received has been substantially the same. Heathen and Mohammedan, Roman Catholic and nominal Christian, have each employed them for public and private ends—so that, in whatever country they have been dispersed, they have seldom received any favors that were not prompted either directly or indirectly by selfish considerations. Though humbled in various kingdoms of Europe to the conditions of slaves, they have never lost their original character ; but, under every adversity, have remained a distinct people, preserving all the peculiarities of their ancient habits and prejudices. Their history is one of uniform oppression and reproach, unrelieved by a solitary exception, and mitigated only, in these latter days, by the advancement of society and the humanizing influences of the Gospel. They have been charged with crimes which they never committed, and arraigned for offences of which they had no knowledge. Their growth in opulence seems always to have been a point upon which their less prosperous neighbors have looked with envy and malevolence. The odious character of money lenders, and the various arts to which they have resorted at different periods to extort from Christians, have subjected them to royal cruelty and popular detestation

Whether honest or usurious, their gains during the dark ages were generally paid back in the shape of enormous exactions for the relief of an embarrassed government, or for the support of enterprizes in the success of which they could feel no complacency

It was toward the close of the twelfth century that RICHARD I. ascended the throne of England. Impelled more by the love of military glory than by superstition, he acted, says HUME, "from the beginning of his reign as if the sole purpose of his government had been the relief of the Holy Land and the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens." The passion for the Crusades had been richly fostered under HENRY II., and large sums of money demanded of the Jews by way of tax, to aid in carrying on one of these adventurous enterprises. The death of the king, though it led to an abandonment of the expedition, did not save this persecuted people from oppression and calamity. An opportunity was soon sought for the exercise of the most bitter and unprovoked hostility. Instead of a Crusade to the Holy Land, the zeal of a corrupt Church found a Crusade nearer home, in which it could engage with less hazard and more immediate advantage.

The coronation of RICHARD I. was an event which gathered together the people of the whole realm. The Jews, among the rest, were anxious to manifest their allegiance, and to be admiring witnesses of the splendor of the royal spectacle. They appeared in a dress well suited to the occasion, and were prepared, as had long been their custom at similar festivals, with rich and

costly presents for the newly ascended monarch. But the jealous courtiers and the self-exasperated populace demanded the exclusion of such notorious sorcerers from the royal presence, and spoke of them as subjects whose ill-omened appearance would cast a blight and a mildew over the prosperity of RICHARD'S reign. An edict therefore, was issued, peremptorily forbidding that any should be admitted to witness the coronation. But a few strangers, whose curiosity was greater than their prudence, supposing themselves to be unknown, incautiously ventured to enter the Abbey. They were discovered, maltreated, and dragged forth from the church, scarcely alive. This was the signal for open and undisguised war. The news spread through the city like wildfire, that the Jews were to be massacred in honor of this joyful festival. The populace, eager at once of royalty and riot, sallied forth to execute a command so agreeable to their feelings; and before the hand of authority was interposed to arrest their progress, they had pillaged and burnt the houses of the wealthier Jews, and murdered, without distinction, their defenceless inmates. For a whole night, the scene of havoc and carnage continued; and at last it was the fulness of revenge and plunder, rather than the power of the king, that stayed the tumult.

One BENEDICT, a Jew of York, to save his life, consented to receive Baptism; but immediately appealed to RICHARD to absolve him from his compulsory obligations. This new case was referred, with all due formality, to the Archbishop of Canterbury; but the re-

lapsed convert obtained no release, and soon after died in London of the wounds occasioned by his ill-treatment. The whole kingdom was at this time swarming with fanatics and friars, preaching the Crusades, and fierce soldiers who had taken up the cross, and were burning for conquest in the Holy Land. In such a national ferment, the wealth and infidelity of the Jews furnished an easy excuse for other cities to imitate the example of London; and hence, in every place where they had gained a respectable settlement, this unhappy people were plundered, abused, and slain. At York a scene of the most appalling, heart-rending nature was enacted. JACIMUS, the friend of BENEDICT, and one of the wealthiest of his nation, returned to that city and narrated the late tragic occurrences at London.

*‘Trojanas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai; quoque ipse miserima vidi.’*

But instead of moving sympathy, as he had hoped, he only kindled a rage. The whole city was thrown into a state of the most alarming excitement, and the people soon gathered to follow the atrocious example presented at the coronation. The spacious edifice of BENEDICT, where his wife and children, with many others had fled, as to a stronghold, was first attacked, the inmates murdered, and the house burnt to ashes. The frantic Jews hurried to JACIMUS for advice, and he, as the result of an interview with the Governor thereof, obtained an asylum for their property and persons in the citadel of York.

Those who failed to reach the castle were put to the sword, and their habitations levelled to the ground. Neither age nor sex was spared, unless in a few solitary instances, where the Jews tamely submitted to renounce their belief and receive baptism.

Within the citadel they might have been sufficiently defended. But a suspicion arising, that the Governor was secretly negotiating to surrender them to the populace, they seized the opportunity of his absence from the town to close the gates upon him and manage their own protection. This step provoked the indignation of the Governor; and, summoning to his aid the Sheriff of the county, and a class of men who were deeply indebted to the Jews, a furious assault was made upon the castle. Avarice and hatred, once let loose, will bear no restraint; and though the fatal order to commence the attack had been revoked, the siege still continued with unabated violence. The desire for plunder and blood would be sated; and when others refused to lend their countenance to so barbarous a scheme, the clergy—a body as corrupt and fanatical in those days as they were influential—openly encouraged the besiegers. A monk of one of the more conspicuous orders, led the rabble, and, clad in his surplice, which he regarded as a coat of mail, he stood in the midst of the infuriate multitude, shouting aloud: “Destroy the enemies of JESUS. Destroy the enemies of JESUS.” Every morning, it is related, that he swallowed a consecrated wafer, and then advanced to his post, where he perished at length, being crushed, despite his surplice, by a heavy stone rolled

from the battlement. Under other circumstances the loss of so zealous a leader would have checked the fury of the assailants; but the prospect of certain plunder prevailed over every other consideration. The onset lasted till the besieged, after a manful resistance, finding their doom inevitable, summoned a council to deliberate upon the wisest course to be adopted in such an emergency.

The elder Rabbi among the Jews seems to have been a foreigner, renowned for the depth of his learning and the sanctity of his character. When the council assembled, he rose up, and addressed them in this solemn manner:

“Men of Israel! the God of our fathers is omnipotent, and there is none who can say unto Him, ‘What doest thou?’ His ways are not as our ways—neither are His thoughts our thoughts. The enemies that surround this castle thirst for our blood, and, do what we will, we cannot much longer hold out against the horrible fate that awaits us. Death is inevitable; but we may yet choose whether we will die speedily and nobly by our own hands, or yield ourselves to the power of the assailants, and perish in ignominy. *I* would shun their tortures and disappoint their fury. This day, I feel, that JEHOVAH commands us to die for His law—for that law which we have cherished from the first hour of its delivery—which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all countries, and which has imparted to us so many precious consolations and glorious hopes. Let us be our own executioners, and voluntarily

give up to God the souls that are His. The deed is not unreasonable. It is according to the law, and is sanctioned by the example of our most illustrious ancestors. If we surrender to the enemy, we shall find no mercy; and let us, therefore, do for ourselves what will soon be done in a more cruel manner, by others. Men of Israel! this is my advice."

The old man sat down, with his eyes suffused in tears. The council were divided in their opinions. The brave in spirit approved his advice, and declared that he had spoken wisely; but the pusillanimous murmured that it was a dreadful suggestion. To think of so many human beings becoming their own murderers was a reflection too horrible to entertain. Again the Rabbi rose, and, in a tone that indicated his earnestness, uttered these few words: "My children! since we are not united in our opinions, let those who disapprove of my advice depart from the assembly in peace." Some obeyed; but the greater number clung to their venerable priest and councillor. They now hastily collected together their valuable treasures; burning what was combustible, and carefully concealing the rest. To make the destruction sure, they fired the castle in various places: and, as if fearful of trusting to the timid and irresolute hand of the women, each man first destroyed his wife and children, and then turned the sword into his own bosom. The slaughter was ended. JACIMUS and the Rabbi alone remained. Their lives had been prolonged to the last moment, that they might behold everything accomplished according to the plan upon

which they had agreed. "We have now seen all," said JACIMUS, "and my life is in thy hands. Take it from me, and may the last sigh which I breathe go up to Heaven as a witness how cordially I have loved the religion of my fathers." The venerable Rabbi obeyed the wish of the Jew, and then performed upon himself the same melancholy duty.

It was in the dead hour of night that all this bloody scene was enacted. When the morning dawned, the populace rushed to the siege with their wonted fury, but it was to behold the citadel wrapt in flames, and a few miserable wretches only, unworthy the sword, running wildly on the battlements, and reporting the fate of their slaughtered companions. They supplicated for mercy, and offered to receive baptism, if their lives should be spared. But no sooner were the conditions accepted, and the gates of the castle opened, than the maddened multitude burst through the desolate halls, and finding themselves defrauded of their hopes, put every living being to the sword. Not satisfied with this meagre triumph, they rushed to the cathedral, demanded all the bonds and obligations which had been deposited in the archives, and committed them, without order, to the flames. The king instituted an investigation of the massacre; but it does not appear that any persons ever paid the penalty of the law for their atrocious guilt.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of the Jews of York under the reign of RICHARD I. More than *five hundred* are said to have perished by their own hands rather than fall into the power of their rapacious ene-

mies. We are no apologists for the crime of suicide.* But while we say this, we may admire, without approving them, such instances of heroic fortitude. When NAPOLEON invaded Russia with a large army, the inhabitants, to disappoint his ambition, and spare a ruthless soldiery the plunder which they sought, fired their principal city, and fled in precipitancy and consternation from its gates. It was a specimen of true moral sublimity: but how much more sublime is the conduct of these Jews of York, burning with a sense of their wrongs, and rising in dignified despair to terminate their sorrows and shun the implacable cruelty of their assailants? Whatever may be the folly and blindness, the errors and ignorance of a people, persecution is not the sure nor the legitimate way of opening their minds and teaching them the truth. God foretold by the mouth of his holy prophets that Israel should be a hunted and despised people—but who does not know that, amidst their sorest persecutions, a noble spirit has risen superior to the malice of their foes, and lived, when a milder policy and true Christian sympathy would have been its death? In the dark ages, when England, with other nations of Europe, was sunk in ignorance and superstition, fanaticism rather than Christianity was exemplified in the history of the Church. But in these enlightened times, this glorious country, advanced in civil and reli-

* A better philosophy would have taught CARO to live for the happiness of his friends and the good of his country. And a better understanding of their own law would have corrected the error of these Jews, and dissuaded them from the purpose which they so stoically executed.

gious wisdom, is ameliorating the condition of the Jews, and seeking, with true Christian philanthropy, to pour into their blinded minds the light of that religion, whose Author they rejected and crucified.

THE ROMAN LAMENT.

By Arabella U. Taylor.

[A practice existed among the Romans, of preserving the tears shed at the death of a friend, and depositing them in his tomb—a touching memorial of affection, speaking more feelingly to the human heart than the sounding trumpet or the marble pile.]

THE lights are dimmed that gaily shone within the
ancient walls,
The voices hushed that lately rang throughout the
echoing halls;
The merry feet that yesternight the witching dances
led,
The tones of mirth, the flash of wit, say, whither
have they fled?

Behold that closely gathered group, but they are silent
all!

What mean their looks of anxious gloom, and what
this funeral pall?

Ah ! know ye not the youthful chief hath thrown his
honors by,
And on his richly gilded couch hath laid him down
to die ?

But yestereve, his eagle eye was redolent with
pride,
While gazing on a gentle form he joyed to call his
bride :
And green the victor's laurel wreath, that graced his
Roman brow,
And still it holds its haughty throne, but what its value
now ?

Beside the dead, with cypress twined, is seen the
golden urn ;
With fires of holiest, fondest love, its briny treasures
burn ;
And purer is the light that gleams, from one sad liquid
gem,
Than from a thousand glittering pearls on brightest
diadem.

A father with his gloomy brow, " hath bent him o'er
the dead,"
Ere in this monument of woe his bitter tear is shed ;
And one less stern is glistening there, won from the
sunken eye
Of her who spurred his lofty soul, " to conquer or to
die !"

And vassals came to weep the fall of their young noble
chief,
And mourn that such a glorious course, shoul^d be, alas!
so brief—
Stern hearts, that ne'er had bowed to grief, were sad
and humbled now,
The fields of strife and blood were nought, to that one
marbled brow.

But there were holier tears by far than those the war-
riors wept ;
Two stately sisters came and knelt, where their loved
brother slept ;
He was the friend of Childhood's hour, the faithful and
the true,
And their tears mingled as they fell, fraught with their
sad adieu.

But who is this, with snowy garb, and noiseless, hasty
tread ?
Is it some angel visitant, or spirit of the dead ?
Alas ! what means the piercing shriek ? the wild and
tearless eye ?
Ah ! they who *taste* of *human love*, must *drink its*
agony !

But why this urn, these sacred tears ? who may their
meaning tell ?

Do they upon his future lot cast some mysterious
spell?

Mayhap within his still, dark tomb, the font a radiance
yields,

Or gems his starry coronal, in the blest Elysian
fields.

THE SONG OF THE DIAMOND.

By James Dixon.

FAR down in a deep sepulchral mine,
Where the sunlight never came,
For many a circling age I shone
With a pure unchanging flame,
Losing no ray in the darkest night,
Year after year the same,
For ever shining thus clear and bright,
Like a brimming fountain of living light.

Ages on ages rolled away,
And the Earth was opened above my head,
And men from the upper world came down
To seek me out in my rocky bed :
Gray-haired and weak and trembling slaves,
With looks of horror and of dread,
To the awful depths of those midnight caves,
Came down like living men to their graves.

I saw the tears of the wretched men,
And heard their ceaseless groans,

As far adown in the cavern's depths
They toiled for the precious stones.
And I saw the dying totter and fall,
With low, half-uttered moans.
And their comrades there, without coffin or pall,
In one deep sepulchre buried them all.

At length from my bed in the living rock
They brought me up, the brightest gem
That ever shone on a maiden's brow,
Or decked a prince's diadem.
In the beaming light of my glorious rays
Earth's brightest jewels waxed dim,
And thousands came from far to gaze
On the wondrous light of my sun-like blaze.

I have sat on the gentle maiden's brow,
And made the beautiful more fair,
And glistened in the diadems,
With many a jewel rich and rare,
Of monarchs on an empire's throne;
And in the golden hair
Of many an Eastern princess shone,
The light of whose eye eclipsed my own

But still I think of the wretched slaves
Who perished in my dungeon cell,
I see the trembling gray-haired men,

I hear their death-groans like a knell
Echoed along the cavern's side,
The only dirge to tell
The fate of those who toiled and died,
To swell a fellow mortal's pride.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

By G. G. Foster.

THE fresh, green hills, all fragrant with the breath
Of waking morn—all dewy with the kiss
Of the long-dallying, amorous night ; the brook,
With its suppressed and silver murmurings,
Sweeping along its banks of flowery green ;
And the low cottage, from whose ivied roof
I used to watch the swallow, with her song ;
The old, gray rocks which bound the tiny lake
In whose bright waters my young limbs I laved ;
How vividly that painter of the mind—
Memory—recalls ye to me in my dreams !

Years which have withered up the blooming
flowers
Of my young feelings—Fortune, which hath riven
My heart as lightning cleaves the mountain—Hope,
Which hath left me standing in the midst
Of shivered idols all around me lying—
Have not had power upon the memory of the Past.

Since I was happy, I have seen and felt
Treachery and trial till my soul is sick
Of dwelling on the Present or the Past,
Save that bright moment in the spring of life,
When, circled nightly by a mother's arms,
And sleeping sweetly on affection's breast,
I spent the day in bounding o'er the hills,
Or talking with the echoes in the grove.
Not the familiar faces that I loved—
Brother or sister, friend or aged sire—
Or yet my mother's—come so palpably
Upon the tablet of my thought again,
As ye, bright hills and sunny scenes of youth.

There is a spiritual essence which hath birth
From the free elements, and tempereth
The tameless play of the magnetic soul,
And moulds its aspect like unto their own.
He who is born among the mountain craigs,
Where foam the cataracts in their dizzy whirl,
And where the eagle soars to seek his eyrie—
Whose lullaby has been the tempest's voice—
Whose playmates were the lightning and the
cloud
Will feel his blood go bounding through his
veins,
And his soul panting after liberty,
In all his after life ; e'en though the chains
Of chance or persecution bind him down

To fret away his spirit in the dust.
And oh ! when pausing in his high career,
For fame, or wealth, or power, how oft
Will the tired pulses of his heart go back
And drink fresh energy from hills and streams
Where poured the torrent of his youth along.

SONNET.

By John Augustus Shea.

THE name a Patriot builds upon his age,
Based on enduring deeds, with honor crowned,
Towering o'er Parties' blind and bigot rage
And frowning on the deathful wars they wage,
And teaching Earth, to its remotest bound,
Greatness sublime—philosophy profound—
Who would not, spurning every lesser aim,
Aspire to immortality like this—
To link his memory with his country's fame,
High as her hope, eternal as her name,
A beacon o'er the perilous abyss
Where perish glories Earth may not reclaim?
Such is the name that meets the circling Sun,
The universal Perfect—WASHINGTON!

THE POET'S LOVE.

By G. H. Hollster.

I.

I SING not of that lovely land,
The land of song and dances ;
Nor sing I now of golden locks,
Nor Fairies' merry glances ;
Though she, my love, hath all their charms,
And many more as winning :
For fear the tale may prove too long,
I dare not make beginning !

II.

But in her bosom, like the dew
That sleeps on budding roses,
Sweet Sensibility both dwell,
And Pity, too, reposes ;
She speaks not of her charities,
Except in smiles and blushes ;
Nor ever, save at human wrongs,
Her cheek with anger flushes.

III.

She loves, as I have ever loved,
Wild rocks and precipices ;
And oft, in Summer's quiet noon,
Her cheek the zephyr kisses,
As o'er the whirlpool's misty brink
On Iris' form she gazes ;
Or watches in the glen below
The restless river's mazes.

IV.

Few words she speaks, and oft she seems
From wildest fancies starting ;
Her eye is joyful when we meet—
It overflows at parting :
And yet it doth betray its trust,
(However much it moves me ;)
For, all against the maiden's will,
It speaks how well she loves me.

THE LATE ELMS BEFORE TRINITY CHURCH.

By Rev. Joseph H. Nichols.

AND have ye struck at last to conquering Age
Your green broad pennons that so bravely waved?
Ye should have fallen on Ocean, in the rage
Of storm and battle, by blue waters laved,
Where mortal thunders might with Heaven's engage
In dirges o'er your honor only saved.
Yet though the land's your tomb, I love ye well,
For, had ye tongues, what stories might ye tell!

Many and many a time have ye looked down,
When chimed the bells, on the prayer gathering,
From days when young forms wore the flower-wreathed
gown

Till now, crowned with an almond blossoming,
All youthful traces, save deep piety, flown,
Their children's children to the organ sing,
And, seated by them, words of comfort hear,
With cherub cheeks composed in holy fear.

Oft have ye viewed the bridegroom and his bride
Midst circling friends exchange the ring of love,

Thoughtless that ere a twelve-month past should glide,
The climbing school-boy from the willow tree above
Would see both babe and mother, side by side,

And him lone mourner like a mateless dove
Bend o'er the turf, and in the fitful lack
Of reason try, poor thing ! to call them back.

Strange are the sights ye've witnessed in your day

When ye were planted what was this our land ?
A royal vassal. Oh, look now and say,
How spoke, how dressed, how marched the mighty
band

That did the deed ? How in the bright array
Of arms, to sound of trump and drum, each hand
Drew forth the quivering steel, and how they swore
By God that they would bend their necks no more !

And ye have seen that great, peculiar one,
Whose name's a watchword on earth's farthest shore,
The peerless mortal, stately WASHINGTON,
Go in and kneel upon the altar floor ;
And often at the sultry hour of noon,
Beneath your grateful shade, cool hanging o'er,
Gray heads have stayed the step, and bared the brow,
And wiped the dropping moisture's healthy flow.

My heart is touched to think that ye are dead,
For ye were links that chained us to the past :
Blessings upon you ! though your charms are fled,

And ye are cut down leafless, and are cast
Upon the fire, the ashes your low bed.

But mourn not, for your memory shall last
In blooming fragrance. No, it cannot die ;
'T will live, at least, in this brief elegy

NEW-YORK, June, 1826.

CŒUR DE LION.

By William James Hamersley.

PROUD, proud is England of that one,
Her warrior-king and bravest son,
Who left his native sod,
The crescent's glory to efface,
And rescue from the heathen race
The sepulchre of God.

The brightest moments of his life
Were spent amid the pealing strife,
Where shields and armor rang ;
While with archéd necks and blood-stain'd flanks
The war-steeds rushed in fearful ranks,
Roused by the bugle's clang.

There, on the bannered battle-field,
With sword that none but him could wield
With such gigantic might,
He'd fill his glories to the brim,
While ev'ry tongue acknowledg'd him,
The monarch of the fight.

And even now, his very name
Can kindle up a martial flame,
 In many an ardent breast,
And men, of souls unknown to fear,
His miracles of daring hear,
 With sympathetic zest.

And many a hero yet unborn,
When battle "twangs her wak'ning horn,"
 And calls to victory,
Will hasten to the sounding fight,
And imitate the Lion knight
 In deeds of chivalry.

THE WILD ROSE OF MAREOTIS.

By C. Donald Macleod.

"STREAM of the Past, fling back, fling back once more,
Thy long well-hidden treasures on the strand ;
That I may gather them with careful hand,
As one would gather shells upon the shore.
The Priest who read the sculptured obelisk ;
The warrior with a mood defying death ;
And those soft hours when Ammon's crimson disc,
Sunk down, and to the cool night's pleasant breath,
Clusters of passionate Egyptian girls
Flashed their dark eyes and shook their clustering curls."
THE NILE LAND.

CHAPTER I.

"A spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, e'en when it errs,
As sunshine broken in a rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still."
LALLA ROOKH.

THE INITIATION

THE night was over Egypt ; and in their observatories, the Chaldeans studied the mysteries of the silent, solemn stars. The priests of Isis fasted and prayed be-

fore the wonderful veil, throughout all the temples of the land: for the morrow brought the anniversary of a holy festival.

The moonlight shone down peacefully on the Nile, the mother and nursling of Egyptia—gleamed upon the tops of the pyramids, and the polished shaft of obelisk and spire and pillar of old triumph—and glistened upon the brazen armor of the Roman sentinel, as he paced his solitary round on the walls of Alexandria or Memphis. From the portals of a small temple upon the brink of Lake Mareotis, issued a tall figure, robed in garments of imperial purple. Around his brow, circling it like a coronet, was a serpent of chased gold, with eyes of gleaming carbuncle. The hem of his dress was broidered with hieroglyphs of the same precious metal. Upon his breast hung a plate, set with diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds; and as the night breeze blew aside the dark folds of his robe, there flashed out light from his girdle—light, vivid, intense, and like a furnace: it seemed a belt of woven fire.

He stood for a time contemplating the scene. Before him lay the deep, clear lake, glassing the blue skies with all its surface, except where the temple of Isis, the low hills, and the palm-trees cast partial shade upon its waters. But so, continually, shadows of the things of earth come between man's heart and Heaven!

Around the borders of the lake grew the vines whose produce was so famed throughout luxurious Italy, that "the wine of Mareotis" had passed into a proverb. The dark blue grapes hung from their slender stems,

and swayed about to the winds. Far down, but immediately on the edge of the water, he saw the white tents of a Roman encampment, and could hear the challenge of the sentinels. Then he looked upward and sighed.

"Land of the double harvest!" he murmured, "how long must thou be in bondage! Is there none to strike for Egypt! Alas! there is none. The shadow of the Roman eagle's wing is above us; its empurpled beak at the heart of the home of HERMES. We are passing away to the dark land of forgetfulness. By and bye, thy shrines, oh, ISIS! will hear no solemn chaunt, thine altars smoke with no sacrifice. The veil will crumble from thine awful brow. The language of the obelisk will be forgotten. The dust of the desert will whirl above the prostrate columns of our temples; and the priest and the offering, both shall return their clay back to the heart of the great mother! Be it so!"

And the moon which he worshipped shed her light mournfully upon his upturned face. Calm, pale, and living with knowledge was that face and forehead: but passion slept in the full, black eye. Few were the earthly sciences with which he was not familiar. Chaldaea had taught him astronomy: Arabia the secrets of chemistry. He had studied oratory at Athens; politics at Rome; and mankind everywhere. His voice was of singular richness and expressiveness—his smile magically sweet. Such was ALABEC, last high priest of the Mareotis ISIS.

Then from the village, below the encampment, came the sound of cymbals and the clear swell of clarions,

and over the lake the light from an hundred torches seemed to form a pathway of radiance.

“Ah! she comes, our new young priestess. I must make ready for her reception.”

And, as he spoke, ALABEC retired from the porch of the temple.

The sounds grew clearer as a long procession swept from the village. First passed a band of musicians, sending forth the notes of a triumphal march; next, a troupe of *almeh* weaved their voluptuous dances. Then came young girls strewing flowers; and then, surrounded by a band of relatives, came EUPHROSYNE, the Wild Rose of Mareotis, seated upon a snow-white Barbary steed.

Over her snowy underdress, hung a cloak of crimson barred with gold. The coiled serpent was brodered upon her shoulder, formed the bracelets on her arm, and the clasp of the cloak; but upon her unveiled forehead flashed a superb crescent of diamonds.

How beautiful she was! with her small, well chiselled features, her pale, broad brow, her small, rosy lips, her dark, magnificent eyes, wherein religious enthusiasm blended with earthly passion! But over the whole face breathed the light of pure thought—the presence of an earnest soul was upon it.

Oh, the power of beauty in a woman! How utter the slavery of him who loveth loveliness! The flash of an eye can daunt him: the imploring glance can lure him: the sweet sigh breathing over the red lip, can mould him with a power that has no equal. Intellect, pride, stern faith, and even gold—that for which the

soldier will break his honor, and the religionist desert his creed—even gold is weak before the assault of woman's beauty.

“Νικᾷ τε καὶ σίδηρον
Καὶ πῦρ καλὴ τις οὔσα!”

By this time, they were passing the Roman tents. At the sound of the music a group of soldiers had gathered, and were watching the procession. As the peerless beauty of EUPHROSYNE flashed upon them, they bandied the rude jest and coarse compliment freely.

“Why should we not take toll of the fair heathen?” cried one. “Ho! who votes for a kiss of the Egyptian girl?”

His rough comrades hailed the proposition with a shout; and, encouraged by this, he sprang forward and threw his arms about her waist. The next instant he lay upon the ground, stunned and bleeding, stretched there by a blow from the sheathed falchion of his centurion. As he bent forward to apologise, her eye rested upon his face.

“AURELIUS!”

“EUPHROSYNE! is it thou?” and he clasped her small hand in his. He had known her when a child in the Greek island of her nativity; for EUPHROSYNE was born a Rhodian. She bent her head and whispered to him for a moment; and with low obeisance he retired.

The procession again formed and moved on; but the thoughts of the Wild Rose of Mareotis were not of Isis now.

When they reached the temple, the music cased, and the people prostrated themselves. EUPHROSYNE was assisted from her horse, and, accompanied by her relations, some twenty in number, entered the temple.

They proceeded until they reached an immense hall. Its dome was circular in form, and covered with brilliantly colored hieroglyphs. Here was the asp, the ring, the coiled serpent, and the mysterious τ ("tau") so often mistaken for the cross. Columns of black marble, highly polished, supported this ceiling, and from their capitals looked down the horned head of AMMON. At the end of the chamber were two pillars of the red granite of the Cataracts. Between these hung a veil, through which red light glimmered faintly; and at the base of each column the sad, solemn features of the Sphinx told the gazers of calmness and repose.

All knelt save EUPHROSYNE. The light faded from behind the veil; and slowly the voices of the relatives chaunted their farewell:

I.

Go forward! From thy young soul thou art flinging,
Each earthly thought and spell;
And mournful grow the hearts of those now singing
The long, the last farewell!
Oh! it had been our happiness to save thee
From all earth's dark alarms:
But the Great Mother called thee, and we gave thee
Into her mighty arms.

II.

Go forward ! Though the lip with sorrow falters
As the last tie is riven ;
Thus should our hearths yield ever to our altars,
And man's desire to Heaven !
Go forward to the mysteries that meet thee,
The mysteries none may tell :
Take the last kiss that e'er on earth may greet thee,
The kiss of our farewell !

As the strain ended, each embraced her: and then the veil quivered as a burst of rich music, almost martial in its triumphal tones, rung forth. Crimson radiance flooded the apartment; a star of white light quivered upon the still brows of the Spyngi; and then the swell of instruments was hushed.

The veil parted. The superb form of ALABEC, robed in spotless white, was seen before an altar of sculptured bronze: and the hymn of welcome, sung by female voices, and accompanied by flutes, thrilled out:

I.

Joy, maiden ! Lo ! Isis
Hast left her proud throne,
And solemnly rises
To hail thee her own.
From all lands she meets thee :
From Gallia to Ind,

This hymn that now greets thee
Is borne on the wind :
From realms where the far light
Streams o'er the North sea ;
From the blue land of star-light,
She welcometh thee !

II.

All knowledge, quick rushing,
Upon thee shall break
In floods, like the gushing
Of streams to the lake.
HER mysteries splendid
Shall ope to thee now :
The veil shall be rended
For e'er from her brow :
Like bees, honey laden,
Thy moments shall flee :
Joy ! joy to thee, maiden !
She welcometh thee !

Then ALABEC advanced, and taking the hand of EUPHROSYNE, led her toward the altar. One moment he knelt; the next arose, and placed upon her head a richly-jewelled crown.

Again came the triumphal burst of music, this time accompanied by the song; a clear atmosphere of light seemed to encircle the young priestess; the sounds became fainter and fainter; and the words "She welcom-

eth thee," were repeated again and again, until they died away in melody unutterably soft.

Then the veil closed. The light died away: the barriers in the temple departed; and the Wild Rose of Mareotis stood alone by the side of ALABEC.

CHAPTER II.

" * * * * * I pray
 For *her* dear spirit, that away
 Casting from its angelic ray
 The eclipse of earth, *she*, too, may shine
 Redeemed, all glorious and all Thine!
 Think—think what victory to win
 One radiant soul like *hers* from sin!"

MOORE.

THE SHADOW OF THE OBELISK.

"BE in the shadow of the obelisk of AMMON, at an hour before midnight!" Such was the whisper of EUPHROSYNE to the young centurion: who at the time specified issued from his tent and crossed the lines.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel.

"You keep good watch, PERTINAX," said the officer; and the soldier lowered his spear as AURELIUS passed on. He proceeded with rapid step along the brink of the lake, and stood at last in the shadow of the immense obelisk. As he reached it, he saw the flutter of a white garment, and, springing forward, clasped EUPHROSYNE in his arms.

"Beautiful, how do we meet in Egypt?"

“Do you not remember, then, that my father was an Egyptian? In his creed was I educated, and of it I am now a priestess. My mother followed him from our own beautiful Rhodes: here she died, and here she was buried. But you—how came you to the Nile-land?”

“I am a soldier, EUPHROSYNE, and must follow wherever my commander leads.

“Ah! do you not remember how in Rhodes you used to play the warrior? when you alone defended your turf-built Troy against a dozen Greek boys?”

“And you were my HELEN! Ah! yes, I remember. But can you recall the long twilights on the sea shore, where you called yourself my wife, and promised to visit me at Rome when you became a woman?”

“Would that I were a child again!” she sighed. “We were happier then, AURELIUS, than either may ever be again.”

“Why so, EUPHROSYNE?” asked the soldier.

“I am a priestess of Isis,” she answered mournfully.

“And can you then, EUPHROSYNE, kneel to that which is the invention of man? A thing whose worship is a system of cruelty and lust, viler than the mysteries of ELEUSIS!”

“AURELIUS! art thou an infidel?” she asked in astonishment.

“No, EUPHROSYNE; but I worship a Deity who is all purity and holiness.”

“Are you then of this new religion of which I have heard? Christians—is not that the name?”

“Yes, I am a Christian.”

“My father saw your leader at Jerusalem. He called him a good man.”

“EUPHROSYNE, I have never forgotten the playmate of my youth. And I feel now that I love you fondly. Sit down, and I will tell you of the history of our divine Leader.”

And circling her waist with his arm as they seated themselves, with the solemn stars for witnesses, he told her of the religion and life of CHRIST. Quick fell her tears at the story of His sufferings and his gentle endurance. The large eye dilated, and the heart stopped beating, when he spoke of the wonders that followed the crucifixion; and her lips murmured:

“Truly, this was a God!”

* * * * *

Then she told the Roman of her initiation.

“When the veil closed again, I was alone by the side of ALABEC. Once more he took my hand and asked in solemn tones:

“‘Art thou devoted, heart, soul, and body, to the service of Isis?’”

“And I replied, ‘I am.’”

“‘Thou art very, very beautiful,’ he continued. I looked toward him in amazement. ‘Dost thou know,’ he asked, ‘that thy position here makes thee as the wife of the high priest?’ And with that question, the truth rushed upon me at once. Then I thought of thee, and the sunny days of our childhood came back and filled

my heart. I looked at the dark man as he stood at my side, but his face was calm and motionless as that of the marble Sphinx. I fell upon my knees before the shrine of the Mysterious Mother, and prayed her help. 'Thou art in no danger,' said ALABEC: 'follow me!' And I dared not refuse. He led me through the temple—not the small building which we see there—but under ground, through immense suites of magnificent chambers, clothed in Persian tapestry, and rich in all luxuries. Painting, sculpture, and music were present every where. But impurity was upon all things. For this hour I have managed to escape. Oh, AURELIUS! how shall I escape for ever?"

"Come, see the Christian worship. We meet at midnight," said the lover. "We have no stately halls—no luxuries—no swelling music—no splendid orgies. We worship with the heart. EUPHROSYNE, in the strength of my God, I will protect thee! Wilt thou trust me?"

"I will go with thee," she said, "for ever."

"Saved! saved!" he murmured exultingly, as he turned his dark eyes upward, and his lips moved in thanks.

Nor was she alone of many who, where Reason failed, have been taught of Heaven by Affection. Many who have strayed in the ways of error or of crime, have been recalled by the power of some earthly loved one—the mother, the wife, perhaps the betrothed. Turn, stern enthusiast, from thy denunciations and thy scornful reasonings; and teach the Christian creed with Christian charity! Believe it, there is no way to con-

viction like that through the heart: and the path to God looks often clear by the light of human Love!

CHAPTER III.

“And there ——

Like a young spirit fresh from Heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.”

KEATS

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMB.

AT the hour of midnight, ALABEC sought the place where the priestess should have kept the watch and fast of Initiation. To his astonishment she was not there; nor could she be found in the temple.

“Ah!” he soliloquised, “she has, perhaps, gone again to the house of her father; but he is too faithful a servant of Isis, to screen the refugee priestess. If she tells of her temptation, I have but to say it was a trial of her faith. Too pure, too innocent of mind for voluptuousness to stain or luxury to enervate; she is worthy of the love of ALABEC. To-morrow I will tempt with gold. For what can gold not do? The soldier’s honor, the saint’s devotion, and woman’s love, all have their prices. Ay, gold, the all potent, shall give me my beautiful priestess!”

Such were the thoughts of ALABEC, as he left the temple, and walked along the edge of the lake. He passed the camp, and entered the village of Mareotis.

Slowly he passed through the silent streets. All

seemed peaceful and quiet as the grave. There were no lights glimmering through the windows—no sound of voices through the closed doors. Sleep was over all. Suddenly, as he passed the entrance of an unused catacomb, there came a strain of music thrillingly sweet. He started and gazed about him. Was it of heaven or from earth? Listening for a moment, he thought it issued from the catacomb; and looking attentively he saw an almost imperceptible ray of light. Guided by this, with noiseless step, he entered the narrow passage. As he advanced, the light became clearer, and at length he saw before him a group of twenty-five or thirty persons. The deep shadow effectually concealed him as he watched their proceedings.

There, in that unused charnel-house, with God among them, but the dead around, the handful of Egyptian Christians had met to worship. There was another service too. Laid upon a low bier, ALABEC saw the corpse of a child; and the stifled sobs of a veiled figure, who sat with drooping head, told that a mother was about to put away from her sight for ever the beautiful dust of her darling. As he watched, slowly and to mournful music they sang the

BURIAL HYMN.

I.

Dust to the dust from whence it sprung :
Clay to the clay it trod :

Heart to the solemn house of Death :
The spirit to its God !

II.

Joy for her ! ere her sinless eyes
To evils lures could roam,
IMMANUEL bent him from the skies,
And gently called her home.

III.

Weep not, oh, mother ! though the dust
Is on that form so fair :
Look upward ! fix on Heaven thy trust—
She waiteth for thee there !

IV.

Check, father, sorrow in its birth ;
And let our thoughts be given
Not unto her who loses Earth,
But her who gains a Heaven !

Again there was silence for a moment. Then the words were uttered :

“My children, let us pray !” and from the lips of an old man—himself standing upon the solemn shores of

Time, and looking forward into the near land of Eternity—poured a fervent supplication.

The eyes of the Egyptian rested upon two. There his look riveted and stern brow lowered as he beheld the Wild Rose of Mareotis kneeling beside the Roman centurion.

The prayer ended; two men approached the bier, and the priest saw a small grave in the centre of the circle formed by the Christians. And as they laid the child in the “narrow house,” the old man spoke of HIM, who had so loved little children. He, himself, had been one of those whose infancy had received the blessing of JESUS.

And EUPHROSYNE looked upon him, and thought of the day when that head, where Time now slept in snows, glittered with the golden curls of childhood; thought that the hands of the Redeemer had rested there; that the gentle voice had said, “suffer the little children to come unto me;” and the marble of heathenism melted from her heart for ever.

Ere the Christians separated, she knelt by the side of AURELIUS, and the blessing of the old man made her his wife.

The burial and the bridal—both in the ancient charnel-house! The child that left its mother’s arms for ever! the bride who rested on the strong man’s heart! Oh, Death and Love! how are ye for ever side by side!

“————— This love,
This wild this passionate idolatry,
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?”

CHAPTER IV.

"So slept she well. The poison's work was done,
Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won!"

HEMANS.

THE FALLING OF THE ROSE.

THE scene changes to Alexandria. The streets are filled with a busy multitude thronging toward a temporary circus—their eastern eyes sparkling, yet half afraid to witness the Roman games.

"Who rules the circus?" asked a black-eyed alma, of a vender of figs.

"ALABEC, of Mareotis, I hear," replied the peripatetic. "Ho, figs! figs from Smyrna! twelve for an *obolus*! Figs!"

"But," said the dancer, "some say that our high priest will rule it."

"Idiots!" cried a Roman soldier, "who should rule the games but our own tribune?"

"Ah, SIPHAX, is it you?"

"Little LILLIS, I did not know thee. Follow me, my girl! Thou shalt have a good place at the circus."

"But this girl to be thrown to the lions, SIPHAX?"

"Well, she is a heathen—denies the gods—and all that sort of thing. Ah! she is a terrible criminal."

"But what does she believe?"

"Why, she believes," replied the soldier, rather

posed for an answer, "she believes that—that—in short, she believes very badly indeed, LILLIS."

"Is she not very young?"

"Nay, fully eighteen," answered the Roman.

"Ah! that is young, and it must be very terrible to die by the lions. Is she beautiful, SIPHAX?"

"Too pale and slight for my taste," replied the soldier: and he glanced at the figure of his companion, whose faults were certainly not paleness and slenderness.

So, on the crowd swept to the circus.

* * * * *

The marriage of EUPHROSYNE had taken her beyond the reach of the Egyptian, but his revenge was on the alert. A week after the scene at the catacombs, AURELIUS had been summoned to Memphis by LICINIUS, then prætor of Egypt. AULUS, the tribune in command of Alexandria, was the deadly enemy of the young centurion; and to him, instantly, ALABEC addressed himself. Charges were readily made, and quickly acted upon, against the Christians then, and the day after her husband's departure, EUPHROSYNE was imprisoned at Alexandria, and her doom had been spoken by the tribune. She must die by the lions, in a Roman circus.

And now the last day of her life had come. For twelve hours no human step, not even the jailer's, had entered her cell; nor had food or drink been brought to her. Alone, and in hopelessness, she knelt and prayed

for herself and her husband. She had given up all hope of seeing him again on earth. Suddenly the bolts of her dungeon grated; the door swung open, and the high priest of Isis entered and stood before her.

"Thou hast but an hour longer to live, EUPHROSINE. At sunset thou must perish!"

"So soon?" she said. "Then leave me with my GOD!"

"Can thy GOD comfort thee now?"

"Yes, ALABEC; his power can fill this prison-house with a peace thou never knewest."

"Art thou tired of life, then?"

"I am ready to die."

"And the lions? They have starved them since yesterday. Dost thou not fear the lions?"

She shuddered fearfully.

"I can save thee, Wild Rose!" he said, in tones low and singularly sweet.

She looked at him earnestly and exclaimed, "One day! Get me but a single day, that I may see my husband ere I die! He promised to return to-morrow."

"If I save thee," said the priest, "thou must never look upon his face again. 'Tis for myself I would save thee. Thou must be mine."

"Never, never! Leave me, that I may pray!"

"But the lions?"

"They have lost their terror, now!" And in her calm, beautiful face, he read that she spoke the truth.

"Farewell, then! We will meet *at the circus!*"

"I forgive thee," she said; "but when thou goest,

beg some one to give me but a cluster of grapes, or a cup of cold water, for I parch with thirst."

He left the cell, but in a few moments returned, bearing a basket of nectarines in his hand.

"Once more I offer thee life."

"I have chosen," was her only reply.

"Eat, then, thy last meal!" And he watched her closely as she pressed the cool, juicy fruit to her lips.

"If the people would save her," he muttered, "yet would my revenge be full. There is death for ten in that small peach."

He had indeed fulfilled his vengeance. He had imbued the fruit with deadly poison.

* * * * *

Ten minutes before sunset, AURELIUS and the prætor reached Alexandria.

The deserted appearance of the streets attracted their attention, and they asked a water-carrier of the cause.

"The tribune holds games to-day," was the reply.

"Games!" echoed the prætor. "He carries it with a high hand, this tribune of the tenth legion."

Just then a figure wrapped in a dark mantle hurried across the street, and the centurion recognized a Christian.

"Ho, SUSIA!" he cried, "can you tell us aught of these games?"

The man looked up, and then sprang forward. "Quick! quick! noble AURELIUS, quick to the circus!"

They have destroyed our Church; CAIUS has died in the dungeon; and the Wild Rose of Mareotis is to be given to the lions at sunset!"

"My wife, noble LICINIUS!" groaned the soldier, in agony. "Hasten! hasten!"

In a few moments the prætor stood by the side of AULUS. "Arrest him!" he said, "and carry him to the palace. And, ho! guards, do the like for yonder Egyptian!" and he pointed to ALABEC.

But, in the meantime, AURELIUS had flown to the dungeon, and with fond arms had borne his dying wife to the cool air and the sight of Heaven once more.

As the guard seized ALABEC, a tumult arose among the people. It increased; and soon the wild shout rose, "Save the High Priest of the Holy Mother! Death for ALABEC!" And the infuriate thousands, drawing their knives, pressed upon the Roman guards. The handful of veterans wavered, when suddenly a mighty roar shook the circus. The bars of the cage had been withdrawn, and the famished lions were in the arena.

"Ho, comrades!" cried a soldier, "let us not die for the Egyptian. Fling him to the lions!" And in one instant, their sinewy arms tossed him into the arena.

A silence, deep as death, came over the crowd. The two lions crouched, and with glaring eyes and waving tails, regarded the priest. He stood, drawn up to his full, magnificent stature, robed in his stately garments of white, with the pallor of despair upon his face, but unutterably firm. In his hand was a double-

edged dagger. Then with a deep roar the twin monarchs of the forest sprang upon him. Truly did his knife pierce the heart of one; but the teeth of the other gnashed together in his throat. So perished ALABEC, last high priest of the Mareotin Isis!

And how died she, the young, beautiful EUPHROSYNE? With AURELIUS kneeling at her side.

"Oh, beautiful!" he moaned, "why dost thou leave me? How can I live without thee? Must I lay thee from my sight for ever? Must I see thee never more?"

And with her thin hand she pointed to Heaven. "Yes, there, beloved, there!"

Then the hand fell: but gentle and peaceful as is the Summer air that floats among the stars, so gentle and so peaceful was the passing of her spirit into Heaven. One long respiration, and the beautiful clay was still. The soul of the Wild Rose of Mareotis was with God!

NEW-YORK, April, 1844.

S O N G .

By Increase N. Tarbox.

REST for the wanderer, rest !
The lost one comes again,
To lean upon his father's breast,
In penitential pain.

Rest for the wanderer, rest !
The light from Heaven hath broke ;
The joy that makes the spirit blest,
A Father's word hath spoke.

Rest for the mother's heart !
Who bore us on her knee,
Who watched us through the long, long nights
Of helpless infancy.

Peace to our humble cot !
In quiet may it stand,
And hear the murmurs of the streams,
On this our mountain land.

Joy to the bold and free!
Who o'er these mountains rove;
Arm them with strength and energy,
And touch their hearts with love.

Rest for the weary, rest!
When life's stern toil is o'er,
On those still regions of the blest,
Where sorrow comes no more.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

By Payne Kenyon Kilbourn.

THE hall—the old ancestral hall—still stands upon the
moor,
The storm-winds of an hundred years have whistled by
the door ;
The tall weeds round the lonely porch their sombre
shadows cast,
Forsaken all, and desolate—a ruin of the Past.

Here dwelt, an hundred years ago, the heir of these
domains—
He walked these fields, he viewed his flocks, he counted
o'er his gains ;
He built this stately mansion here, begirt with founts
and flowers,
Mosaic walks, and costly trees, and vine-encircled
bowers.

And hither came his fair young bride, the chosen of his
heart,

And here they dwelt for many a year, nor dreamed they
e'er should part;
Sweet voices chimed their melody, the laugh went gaily
round,
And light feet danced at morn and eve, unto the viol's
sound.

But years, long years, their cycles sped; the young
heir and his bride
Have left their lordly mansion for the damp vault's
fretted side;
And ah! since then, around this hearth, young, tiny
feet have pressed,
Which now, with slow and tottering step, are bending
to their rest.

Their voice of mirth and merriment, which once rang
wildly out;
The mother's hymn at vesper-tide, and childhood's joy-
ous shout;
These, long ago, were hushed in death; the darkly-
brooding pall
Of silence and forgetfulness, hath gathered o'er them
all!

The infant, whose first feeble wail was heard within
these walls,
Now lists to childhood's prattling voice, perchance, in
other halls;

His form is bowed, his bright eye quenched, his features
wan and old,
His children's children gather round to hear the tale
thrice told.

Oh! yet not vainly wert thou reared, huge, venerable
pile!
And though thou art so desolate, I greet thee with a
smile,
For thou wert once the home of Love—of Friendship
pure and warm—
And thou hast housed the shelterless from many a mid-
night storm.

Nor shalt thou be forgotten, though thou minglest with
the dust,
For some who trod these hallowed aisles are walking
with the Just!
And thy low closet-walls, which heard the voice of
prayer at even,
Have sent their living echoes up as witnesses in
Heaven!

TO THE AMARANTH.

By David L. Smith.

OH! tell me, lovely flower,
From whence art thou?
Hadst thy first being in Earth's sin-stained bower?
Here thy first beauty glowed with living power?
Say, whence art thou?

Thou hast unfading hues:
Didst thou first bloom
In Eden, mid those scenes of man's brief bliss?
Was thy first bud sealed with EVE's own pure kiss?
Was such thy home?

And for a while didst share
That earthly Heaven?
Till those bright beings lost the IMAGE fair—
Likeness of GOD—and then in deep despair,
From hence wast driven?

Or, did the starry bowers,
Where spirits dwell;

And twine the blossoms of immortal flowers,
In wreaths of love—sweet bliss of endless hours—
Wake thy first spell?

Oh, then, some angel bright,
From that blest home,
Shook from his love-wreathed brow of purest white
The living germ from whence thou sprang'st, to light
Our weary roam

Ah! thou hast lost the grace
Of that bright sphere;
But yet immortal lines we still can trace
In the rich beauty of thy glowing face,
Our earth to cheer

Oh! then sweet flower, here stay;
Here ever bloom;
To gladden with thy smile Life's darkened way;
And then the brightness of thy heavenly ray
Shed o'er our tomb!

SOME HEARTS ARE WARM.

By Mary Ann Hammer Dodd.

SOME hearts are warm as the Summer beam,
That each little flower hath found,
And their wishes flow in a kindly stream,
For the good of all around.

And some are cold as the Winter snow,
'Neath an icy crust confined ;
Without one throb, or one generous glow,
For the rest of human kind.

And the warm heart leaps a friend to meet,
And looks from a love-lit eye,
On the beggar mean, in the crowded street,
Or the children passing by :

While the cold heart wraps itself in pride,
And bears its dull burden on,
Till the smallest child in the pathway wide,
Would the stoic gladly shun.

The warm heart may often be deceived,
And the fond eye filled with tears ;

And weary to bear is a spirit grieved,
With its bright faith dimmed by fears :

While the cold heart may escape the grief,
Which the generous breast doth know
When its efforts are vain to bring relief,
To the mass of human woe.

I would not carry an ice-cold heart,
In my daily round of care,
Though my burden increase a tenfold part,
When another's grief I share :

But give me the heart that warmly beats,
Though its throbs may turn to pain ;
That will fondly cling to the heart it meets,
Though it sometimes *love in vain*.

THE DYING CHILD.

By Spencer Morton Clark.

AY, look thy last, fond mother,
On the beauty of that brow,
For Death's cold hand is passing o'er
Its marble stillness now ;
Those silken eyelids weighing down
Upon the glazed eye,
Are telling to thy breaking heart,
The lovely one must die.

Yes, mother of the dying one,
The beautiful must go !
The pallid cheek, the fading eye,
The trembling lip of snow,
Are signets from the hand of Death,
When unseen angels come
To bear the young and beautiful
To their own happy home.

That soft white hand within thy own,
May never more entwine

Its arms around the mother's neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Those still, cold fingers never more
Along thy forehead fair,
Shall dally with the raven curls
That cluster thickly there.

The flashes of its speaking eyes,
The music of its mirth,
Shall never more make glad the hearts
Around the parent hearth;
Then look thy last, fond mother,
For the earth must be above,
And curtain up that sleeping one,
The first born of thy love.

But let thy burning thoughts go forth—
And pray that thou may'st meet
That sinless one when worlds shall bow
Before the Mercy seat;
And pray that when the wing of Death
Is shadowed on *thy* brow,
Thy soul may be beside the one
Who sleepeth near thee now.

“ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS.”

By S. Dryden Phelps.

[“ Beautiful is the idea, sanctioned by the sacred Scriptures, that bright and holy beings are commissioned to our dark world on errands of love and mercy. When bowed in grief and mourning in that utter bitterness of soul, occasioned by the loss of some dear one, how sweet to think perchance that form is hovering near, gazing with pity and undimmed affection upon the sorrowing friend.”—S. E. L.]

’Tis sweet to think that spirits pure and holy
Are often hovering round the pilgrim here,
To banish thoughts of grief and melancholy,
And bid the trembling heart forget to fear.

Bright angel forms, on soft and airy pinions,
Like carrier birds, the messengers of love,
Leave the fair precincts of the blest dominions,
With choicest favors from the world above.

They come, and give to solitude its pleasures,
And throw a hallowed charm around the heart ;
Bear up the thoughts to Heaven’s unfading treasures,
Where kindred spirits meet no more to part.

They come, from those celestial hills descending,
Sent by the bounteous Ruler of the skies ;
We feel their presence with our spirits blending,
When evening orisons to heaven arise.

They come, when o'er the sorrowing heart is stealing
The wasting blight of earth's consuming woe ;
They come, a ray of heavenly light revealing
Amidst the darkness of our path below.

They come, to dry the mourner's fount of sadness,
To pour their blessings on the drooping head ;
And bid the soul awake to hope and gladness,
Along the vistas of the future spread.

The mother, whose belovéd infant slumbers,
Cold, in the silent chamber of the tomb,
Oft hears its pleasing voice, like seraph's numbers,
Fall on her ear amidst surrounding gloom.

The lonely orphan, by the world forsaken,
Oft seems the kindness of the dead to share ;
And feels a thrill of new-born joy awaken,
As if embraced with fond parental care.

The saddened lover and the joyless maiden,
Deprived of cherished ones by Death's chill hand,
Commune with their returning spirits, laden
With love undying from the glorious land.

Joy for the mission of those guileless creatures—
That Heaven to us such guardians should send :

Oh ! wear they not the well-remembered features
Of many an early-loved and long-lost friend ?

Ye sainted forms of dearest ones departed !
Methinks I hear your music in the breeze ;
And oft, mid scenes of sadness, lonely-hearted,
My spirit's eye your joyful presence sees.

Still, still around my checkered pathway hover ;
'Tis sweet to hold communion with the pure ;
And welcome me at last when life is over,
Where love and joy eternal shall endure !

THE RETREATING ARMY.

By William Ellery Channing.

THE pipes no longer sound in gladness,
Nor glisten arms beneath the sun ;
They fold their hands in utter sadness,
The eager day is sadly done.

Over the tottering bridge are going—
That wavers in the misty wind—
Some fugitives, few looks bestowing
Upon the stained field behind.

The bridge is high upon the mountain,
It was a long ascent to climb ;
Beneath, leaps through a mirthful fountain,
Below, the landscape lies sublime :

Green fields that yield to toil's devotion
The heaped-up granary's golden load,
Encircled by the azure ocean—
The lovely land of man's abode.

Above them, where their steps retreating
Seek shelter with the mountain chain,
The misty wind their entrance greeting,
Enfolds them in a dizzy rain.

'Yond the gray rocks the sun is streaming,
On boldly through the threatening storm :
The peaceful clouds float softly dreaming,
The vale is beautiful and warm.

THOUGHTS ON THE OREGON.

By Rev. Joseph H. Nichols.

MEN of a world unborn, to you I call !
Thy children, royal River of the West !
Unthoughtful are thy lonely shores of all
The thousand white sails that will kiss thy breast.
Ye mossy oaks, that stand like gray-haired sires,
Think ye your hoary heads in peace shall rest ?
Tall temples, soon, shall point their glittering spires
Where now the golden eagle builds his nest.

And must it be ? These woods, these solitudes
Sacred to Nature's holy orisons,
Unlit, save when at fearful interludes
The thunder-bolt awakes its startling tones—
Must this proud earth for many an age untrod
Cast off its grassy mantle, while the bones
Of them beneath burst from the angry sod
And thou, old river, roll'st and hear'st their moans ?

No brown-cheeked hunter boy will then be seen
Along thy banks bending the walnut bow ;

His dark-eyed love o'er thy clear flood of green
No more with him shall paddle the canoe :
Like marble, wrapt in Death's majestic sleep,
Sternly they look toward heaven's broad arch of
blue,
As if within her starry mansions deep
They saw their future spirit-dwelling too.

Brethren unborn, remember us ! Ye are
Our countrymen ! And as ye pensive gaze,
At eve, upon the silver vesper star,
Think how its placid light once shone in days
Of old on us. And when, far off, on high,
Ye view the eagle banner in its blaze
Of native glory streaming through the sky,
Look proud as men who will not dim its rays !

S A R A H .

[THE VIGNETTE OF THE TITLE-PAGE.]

I.

SWEET Spirit ! how blest was the time—
The birthday of Hope's fairest flowers—
When, wandering afar from my own native clime,
I met thee mid bright Southern bowers !
Hope glowed in thy love-beaming eyes,
With bliss did thy glad heart o'erflow ;
And I deemed thee an angel come down from the
skies,
To dwell with a mortal below !

II.

Sweet Spirit ! how radiant thy smile,
When, clad in thy virgin array,
I led thee all trembling adown the dim aisle,
At the close of that bright, balmy day !
I pledged thee in Love's truest sign,
If weal or if woe should betide :

Thy low murmured accents responded to mine,
And I clasped thee my fond, blushing bride !

III.

Sweet Spirit ! how mournful the hour,
When Disease marked thy fair form his prey !
A black cloud of gloom wrapped our love-lighted
bower,
And the stern Tyrant called thee away :
But thy pure heart was trusting and true,
While Pain told each fast-failing breath ;
A sweet smile of Love spoke thy latest adieu,
And songs were the accents of Death !

IV.

Sweet Spirit ! I wander alone,
And alone do I breathe my sad sighs ;
I pour on the still winds of evening my moan,
And I gaze on thy home in the skies :
But it joys me to know thou art there,
In a mansion of heavenly rest ;
For Sorrow ne'er comes with its burdening care
To the beautiful bowers of the Blest.

V.

Sweet Spirit ! while lonely I stray,
Oh, leave me not comfortless yet ;

Be with me by night, and be round me by day,
And cheer me till Life's sun is set !
But mine eye may not gaze upon thine,
While in Earth's shaded valley I dwell :
Till we meet then, for aye, mid the glories divine,
Sweet Spirit, oh, sweetly farewell !

C. W. EVEREST.

HAMDEN, CT., July 25, 1844.

SONG OF THE SOUL.

By S. Dryden Phelps.

MORTAL! wake! the spell is broken!
God hath made thy spirit free:
On it He hath stamped the token
Of thy being yet to be!
In the future, far outstretching,
See the picture thou art sketching!

Life is not thy earthly staying;
Death is not to breathe thy last:
Souls cannot be here delaying;
Spirits live not in the Past.
Destiny is all before thee:
Lo! its star is beaming o'er thee!

Art thou faithful? upward tending?
Glory waiteth for thee there!
Art thou faithless? Life's dark ending
Sinks thee downward to despair!
Ask thy spirit where it goeth:
Question closely—for it knoweth!

Mark the path thy feet are treading ;
See thy foot-prints left behind :
What 's the influence thou art spreading
In the commonwealth of Mind ?
Raiseth it toward Heaven's portal,
Longings of thy brother mortal ?

Give thy life to God-taught duty ;
Give the energy of youth :
Then shall scenes of glorious beauty
Crown Fidelity to Truth !
Earth shall bless thee for thy living !
Heaven shall ring with thy thanksgiving !

NEW-HAVEN, July 24, 1846.

S T A N Z A S .

By Helen M. Everest.

THE landscape's lovely in the sheen
Of Luna's silvery vest ;
And all unquiet sounds are hushed
Into a dreamy rest.
Full sweetly glow the clustering stars,
Along the dome of Even,
And Earth seems but an outer court
Of yon refulgent Heaven—
The beautiful, beyond our sight,
Whose fair reflection here,
The music of its far-off lyres,
Whose echoes soft, yet clear,
Seem present to the spirit's ken,
When, freed from burthening care,
She bows before the Mercy-Seat,
In humble praise and prayer !

And now she wanders far and free,
Within the veil so dim ;

And praise, like grateful incense, blends
 With Nature's ceaseless hymn,
As on it rolls from sun to sun,
 And on from zone to zone—
Majestic, to the heaven of heavens—
 The Mediator's throne !
Thus Faith erects her ladder bright,
 Where smiling angels rove,
Swift on their shining way to bear
 Sweet embassies of love !
Oh, it were blest to pass away,
 In such an hour as this,
Quite from Earth's shadowy semblances,
 To Heaven's unclouded bliss !

TO ONE BELOVED.

By Park Benjamin.

CONFIDE in me, my dearest ! never dream
That I shall cease to love thee, nor that years
Can throw one shadow on the perfect beam
Of my deep passion, which nor doubts, nor fears,
Nor pain, nor sorrow, nor thy cold replies
Can for a moment weaken or dispel :
I drink delight from thy clear fountain eyes ;
Thy voice is sweeter than Apollo's shell !
I live but in thy presence : when away,
The landscape is all darkness, and I find
No gladdening lustre in the cloudless day—
For art thou not the sun-light of my mind,
My fount of joy, the music that pervades
The stillness of my being ; solace sweet,
And guiding hope, bright sparkling o'er the shades,
That everywhere around my pathway meet,
And would enshroud me quite, if not for thee ?
If not for thee—first loved when first beheld !
Loved now with passion swelling like the sea,
That cannot be by time or tempest quelled !

MUSINGS.

By Rev. James Mackay,

THE threshold of existence! aye, 't is nothing more—
This handbreadth men call *Time*. What, but a step
That leads into the Future, pillared high
On ages stretching far, in vistas dim,
And ever-lengththening, as the pilgrim-soul
Advances? What, but just a breathing-space,
After our birth, that we may look around,
And feel our being, note our destiny,
Prepare for what our God designed for us,
A rich inheritance of joy, outspread
Where the Almighty Mechanist hath wound
The horologe, whose dial indicates
The golden cycles of eternity?

Ho! mortal men! arouse! and, in the strength
Of Heaven, shake off the dark delusion, forged
In hell, and, like a ponderous chain of iron,
Thrown round our world, and firmly binding it
To the old serpent's den. Riches! Renown!

The glittering dust from Fortune's trembling wings,
That blinds our nobler nature, and shuts out
From view the living truth—realities
Stamped with the bright, broad seal of permanence :
The murmuring, low, and momentary hum
Of dying generations, as they pass
To where distinctions recognized on earth
All dwindle into nothingness, save one,
And that, alas ! but little thought of now.
Riches ! Renown ! Shall we, who, as it were,
An hour ago began to be, begin
To weave a shroud of curses for our souls
So soon ? God of all grace, enlighten us !
Oh ! let the lying mirror that distorts
Thy truth—the World's opinion—be no more
Consulted. Let the thunder-tramp of woes,
That, like an armed band, are marching forth
To seize and to destroy thine enemies,
Sound in our ears to terrify, if we
Will not be drawn by tender cords of love.
And, like “ a rushing, mighty wind ” from Heaven,
May thy GOOD SPIRIT scatter all the clouds,
That by enchantment of the Evil One
Hide from our view the Sun of Righteousness.

NEW HAVEN, July, 1846.

MY BARQUE AND I.

By Helen M. Everest.

MY Barque and I—my Barque and I—
Fair Lady, wait for thee ;
Come, and we'll o'er the billows hie
Of Life's inviting sea !

My sail's unfurled—my sail's unfurled—
Why linger on the strand,
While wooing zephyrs wait to waft
Our barque to fairy land ?

Those glorious isles—those glorious isles—
Gleam forth in rosy light ;
All decked with fair unfading flowers,
In Fancy's eager sight !

Their music sweet—their music sweet—
Seems floating near me now ;
Come, for my sail 's upon the breeze,
Upon the wave my prow !

My Barque and I—my Barque and I—
Fair Lady, wait for thee ;
Haste, and we 'll o'er the billows hie
Of Life's enchanted sea !

OH! IF WHEN EARTHLY ILLS ARE O'ER.

By C. W. Everest

OH! if when earthly ills are o'er,
And every woe that wounds the breast,
The spirit, for some peaceful shore
May joyful plume its pinion blest,
And, leaving Earth's lone vale of night,
Seek out some home divinely fair,
Amid elysian realms of light,
To dwell in deathless glory there :

Oh! what are all the griefs and sighs,
That vex our troubled bosoms here !
And why, when thoughts of death arise,
So oft will swell th' ungrateful tear ?
Hushed be the cares our fears create,
Peace to our hearts by grief distressed,
If Death unlock the golden gate
Which guards the City of the Blest !





